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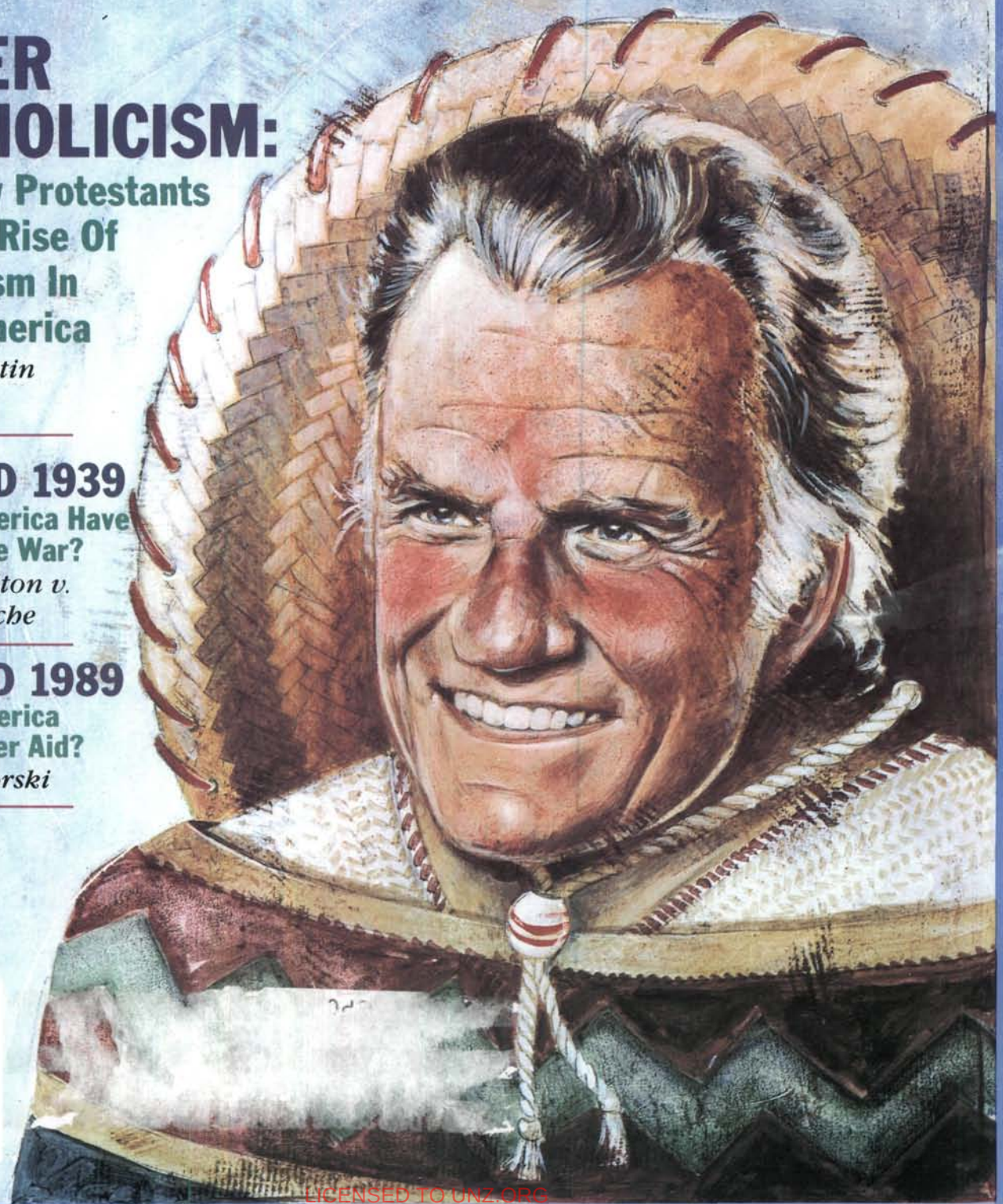
Should America Have Entered the War?
David Carlton v. John P. Roche

POLAND 1989
Should America Come to Her Aid?
Radek Sikorski



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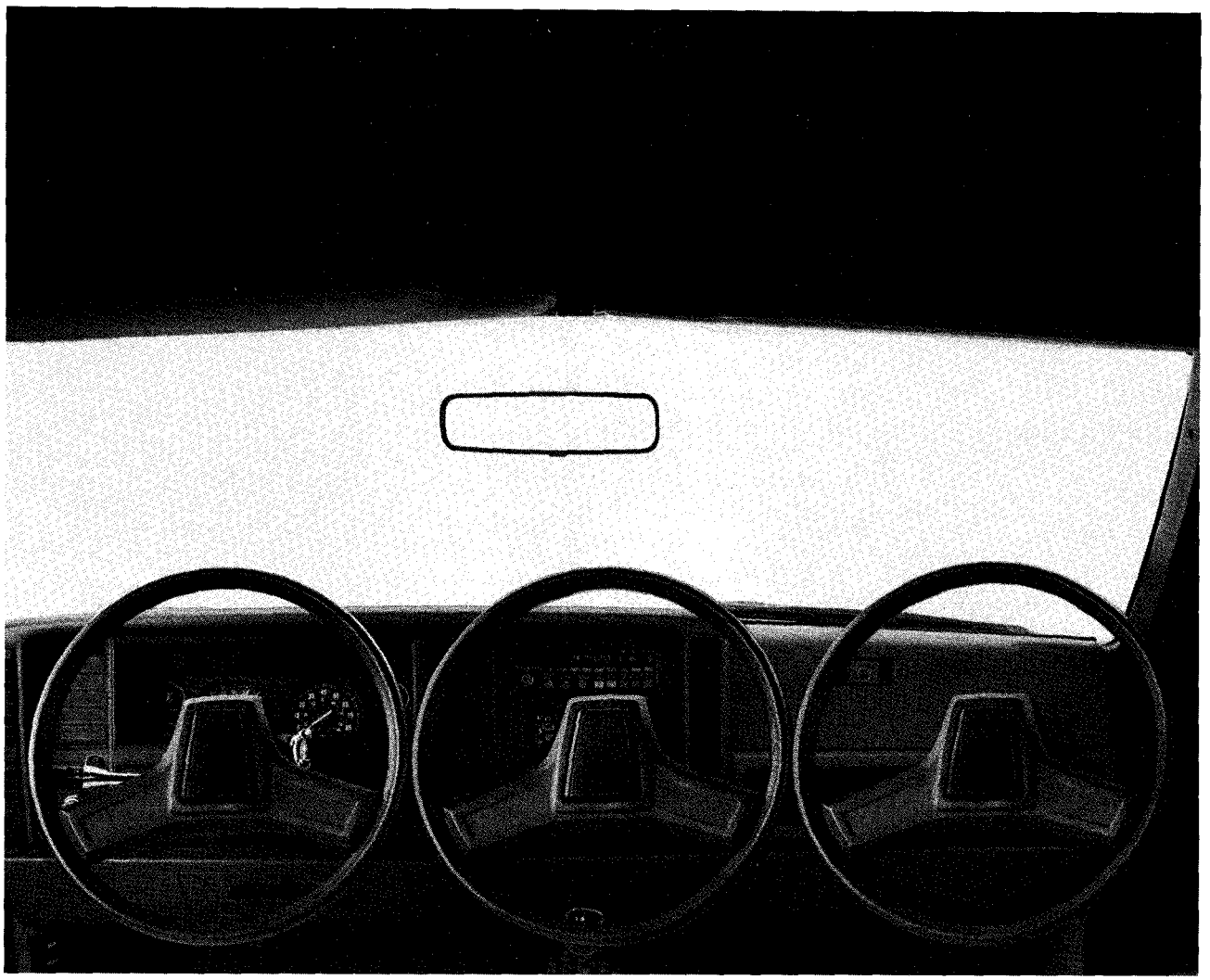

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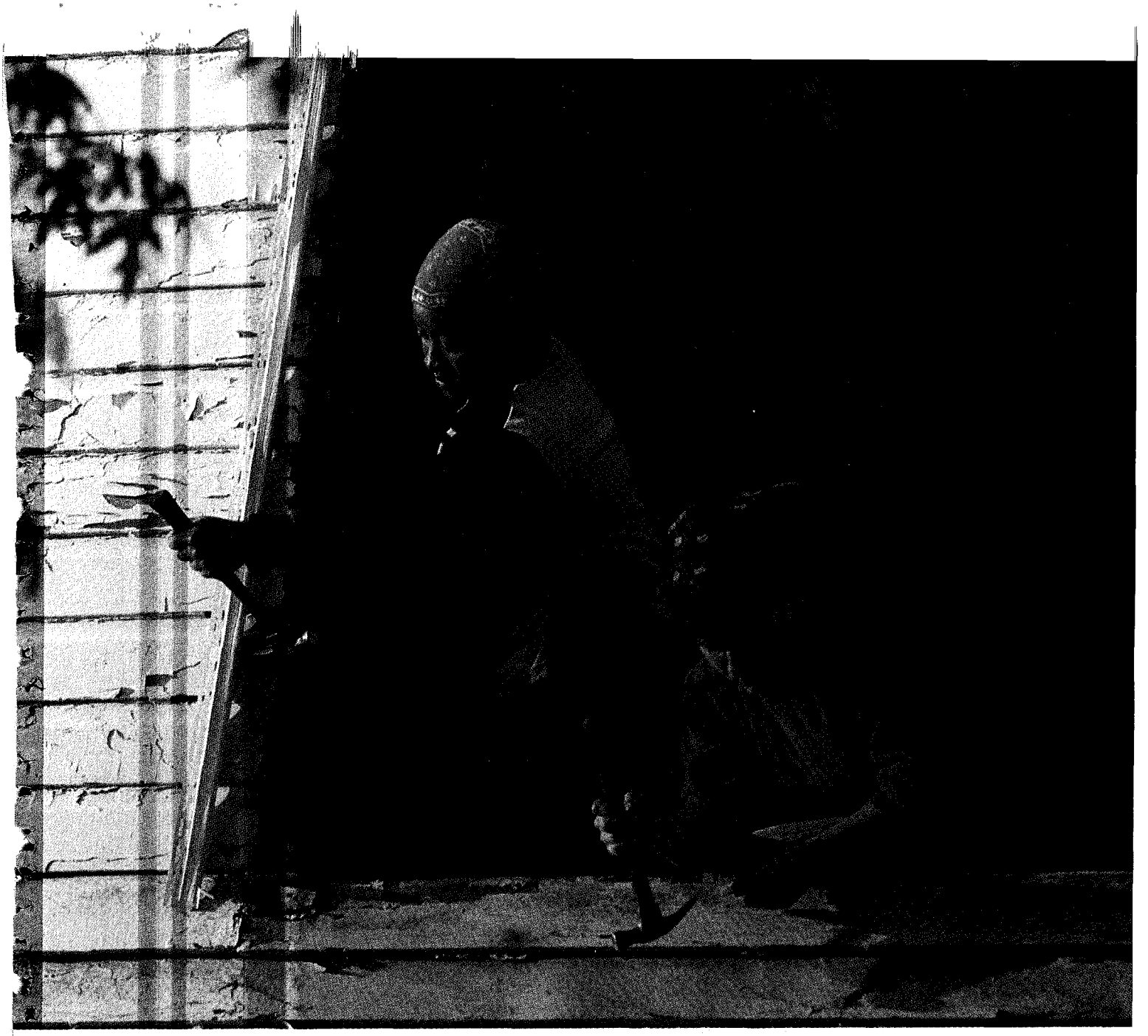

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NATIONAL REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 29, 1989 VOL. XLI, NO. 18

AFTER CATHOLICISM

30 Speaking in Latin Tongues

Protestantism, especially Pentecostalism, is booming in Latin America. While this discomfits Anglo Marxists and social scientists no end, it signifies not that the region is being forcibly remade in an American image, but that it is maturing indigenously and confidently. Meanwhile, left-wing Catholics are insincerely trying to copy this success.

DAVID MARTIN
DAVID LEE

ARTICLES

22 On the Scene

William McGurn reports on the Contras now folding their tents in Honduras. . . . What's in a name? Quite a lot, in the case of a new law named the Americans with Disabilities Act, says **Susan Mandel**. . . . **Selden Rodman** reports on the unhappy dichotomy between Haiti's two leaders: a popular Marxist priest, and a competent Duvalierist general. . . . **Robert G. Holland** considers the confused race for governor of Virginia.

40 Nobody Here but Us Democrats

Polish émigré **Radek Sikorski** returns to find, after forty years of Communist rule, a country full of non-Communists (many of them Party bureaucrats).

44 Were We Wrong in 1939?

David Carlton argues that the U.S. was right to stay out of Neville Chamberlain's phony war, while **John P. Roche** replies that Americans, sense of history requires a very necessary—and obvious—crusade if the boys are to go Over There.

50 A Court That Obeys the Law

Bruce Fein sees a Supreme Court that actually pays attention to what the law says.

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

52 **Fall Books**

Russell Kirk is tantalized by the young T. S. Eliot's letters, and eagerly awaits more mature correpondence. . . . Norman Sherry's *Life of Graham Greene* gets its facts straight, but that's about all **Martin Stannard** can find to say in its favor. . . . In *Wartime* Paul Fussell explodes the myths about World War II, depicting the true extent of its senseless horror; **Jeffrey Hart** thunders approval. . . . In *The Liberal Conspiracy* Peter Coleman salutes the brave first generation of anti-Communist liberals; where have they gone? asks **Ronald Radosh**. . . . Emerging from Hugh Kenner's *Mazes*, **Joseph Sobran** finds himself puzzled but pleased. . . . **David Klinghoffer** spies a promising debut in David Lipsky's collection of short stories, *Three Thousand Dollars*.

63 **Arts & Manners**

A chilling tale, dishonestly fudged, *Casualties of War* is a casualty of Hollywood, reports **John Simon**. . . . **Michael Sweeley** salutes Marian Anderson's personal courage and artistic genius. . . . **Nika Hazelton** serves up a picnic: food and fun *al fresco*.

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Cover illustration by Tim Bower

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It's Not Always Fair Weather

If most Americans saw President Reagan as a genial grandfather, NATIONAL REVIEW looked upon him as a favorite son. We had sent him out into the world with a firm set of conservative convictions and we watched his progress with a nervous paternal fondness. If criticisms were deserved, we made them, but perhaps their edge was blunted by that affection. And, anyway, we had reason to cheer most of the time.

No such inhibitions restrain us in relation to President Bush. He is from the same conservative family, to be sure, but from a distant branch which has done well for itself and occasionally puts on airs. Also, cousin George is constantly held up to us as a model of behavior by the nagging maiden aunts of the media. He's so polite, so well-behaved, so *pragmatic*. It doesn't endear him. So we start out with a slightly grudging attitude, prepared to rally round in a fight but chiding in the meantime, foul-weather friends but fair-weather critics.

For the moment, the President can afford to regard our criticism lightly. All men speak well of him. (But see Luke, Chapter 6, Verse 26.) And on two vital questions, that good opinion seems well-deserved.

President Bush has maneuvered so skillfully on economic policy that last year's consensus in favor of a tax hike has been replaced by this year's consensus in favor of a capital-gains-tax cut. Other economic news has confirmed this anti-tax wisdom. The economy continues to boom modestly, inflation is under control, the long-predicted recession has still not been sighted. Similarly, Mr. Bush has maintained an aloof caution as the Soviet Union goes deeper into its protracted crisis, neither bailing out Gorbachev with massive "loans" nor seeking to exploit the anti-Soviet tensions in Eastern Europe and the Baltic in a way that would give the Politburo a pretext for intervention. As a result, Mr. Gorbachev's early public-relations success in Western Europe is every day undermined by the increasing chaos of the Soviet economy and empire.

Note, however, that these successes are the product of prudent inaction rather than of action. Where boldness is needed, the Bush Administration is steadfastly risk-averse.

When the Supreme Court adopted a strict interpretation of three civil-rights statutes, the Administration shrank nervously from endorsement. Instead it announced that the Court's decisions made no real difference but that, if they turned out to do so, then the Congress could always correct them by legislation. In effect, it is inviting such legislation, which it plainly lacks the nerve to veto.

When William Lucas was rejected by the Senate Judiciary Committee, the Bush Administration was urged to give him a recess appointment. This exercise of an undoubted presidential power would have warned Congress off its itchy interference with presidential appointments and given fresh heart to black conservatives. Instead, Mr. Lucas was fobbed off with a token job.

When pro-Iranian terrorists killed an American hostage in retaliation for the Israeli seizure of a terrorist guru, the Administration's first reaction was to criticize Israel for annoying the terrorists. Its present policy is to do nothing unless more Americans are killed.

Since Mr. Bush has an exemplary record of courage in war, business, and the last election, what are the underlying causes of this timidity?

The first is the drive for short-term popularity as recorded in the opinion polls. Yet voters do not want their leaders to be nice, amiable people who would make good neighbors, but tough, competent people who will defend their interests in a rough world. The snag is that such authority can only be achieved at some cost in short-term popularity. Ronald Reagan established his authority by two early decisions: sacking the PATCO strikers and supporting the Federal Reserve's tight monetary control. Unpopular at the time, they enabled him to secure labor peace, defeat inflation, and win a thousand other battles without having to fight at all.

The second miscalculation is Mr. Bush's ardent wooing of Congress. For Miss Bi-partisanship is a flirt: she's always more interested in the fellow who's less interested in her. So, in the natural order of things, he will get her on his terms. *Vide* the deal on the Contras, which is a bi-partisan sharing of the responsibility for doing them in. Or to put it in Hegelian terms (and Hegel is very fashionable in today's Washington), the more you aim directly at the Synthesis, the more it will resemble the other fellow's Antithesis and the less your own poor neglected Thesis.

For the success of the Reagan Presidency was built upon a grand central theme—the restoration of American power—which gave dramatic popular appeal to the Administration's policies. What great theme does Mr. Bush seek to communicate? Decency? Good intentions? Honesty in government? All worthy aims, but will they be enough to rally supporters and carry people through troubled times? Ask Jimmy Carter.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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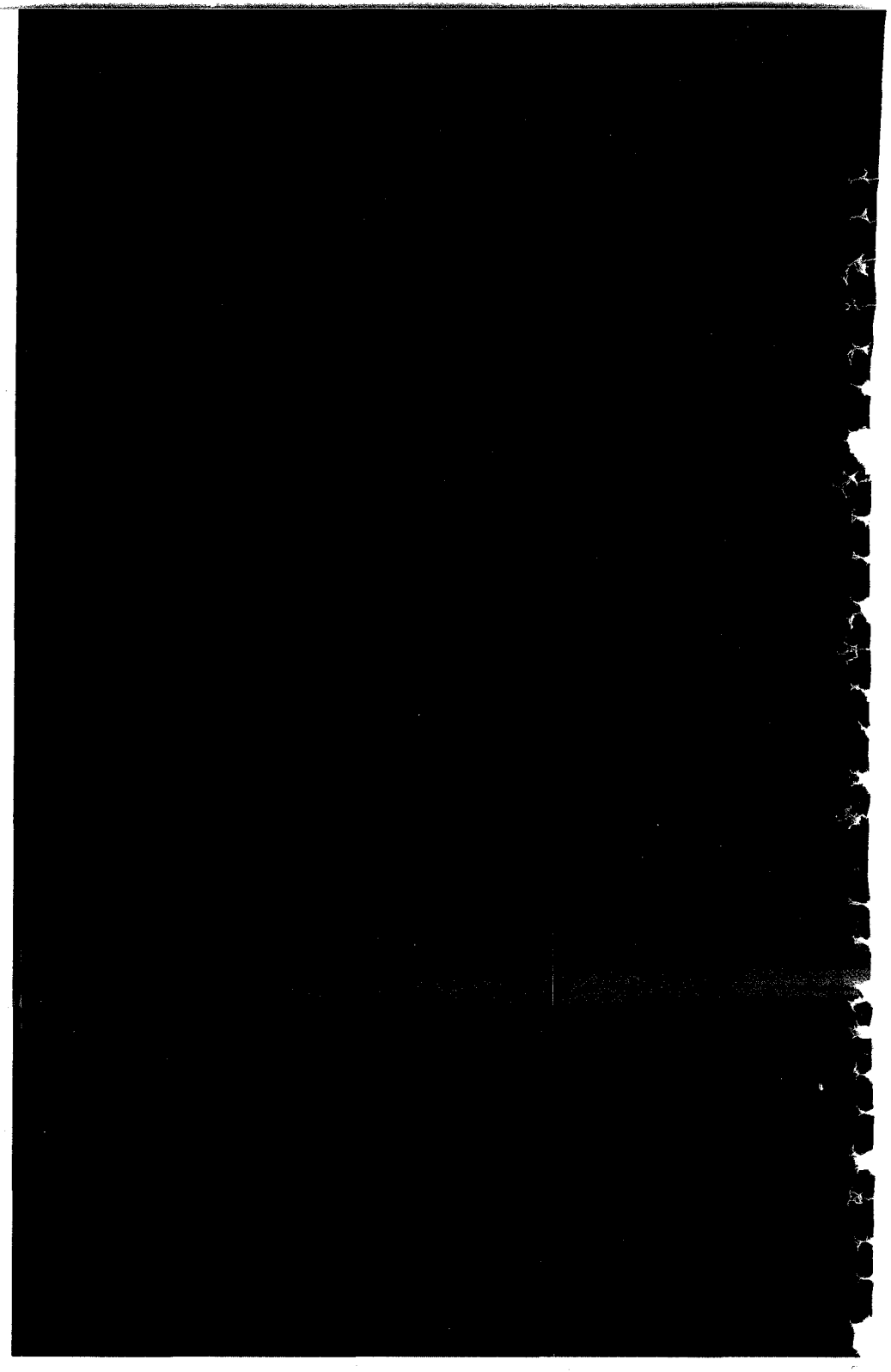

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LETTERS

Savimbi: Path to Democracy

Radek Sikorski's article, "The Mystique of Savimbi" [Aug. 18], contradicts all firsthand reports on UNITA by prominent journalists, U.S. congressmen and senators, and European members of parliament. Does one man alone hold the truth? Or is he so motivated by personal biases and prejudice that he reports only what he wants to believe? The answer is obvious.

Sikorski spent several weeks with UNITA in a combat situation. The journey was dangerous, and he was not always at liberty to pursue his own course. A professional journalist would have understood the limitations of a war environment and maintained his focus on the real issue: the struggle for democracy and human dignity.

It is true that pictures of President Savimbi are persistent throughout Free Angola, for he is our president; he symbolizes the hope for a free and democratic Angola. It is true that UNITA society operates without money or a market, but we are living in a transitory war situation. UNITA's liberated area is not a recognized state that can have money of its own, and we don't want it to be a second Angola. Of course we would welcome Mr. Sikorski's advice on how to run our economy under those circumstances.

Sikorski says Jamba is a stage; it is not real. Tell that to the hundreds of children who reside in Jamba's orphanage, or the thousands of children who have been educated in Jamba's schools, or the many Angolans who have been treated in the hospital, or have participated in political meetings. Mr. Sikorski makes a number of points that need to be reiterated. If they are understood, his baseless assertions evaporate without a trace. He wrote that since UNITA's near defeat in 1976:

—the MPLA, despite sixty thousand Cuban troops, is in negotiation with UNITA because we cannot be eliminated militarily;

—the UNITA liberated area, the Freeland of Angola, is the most impressive guerrilla zone in the world;

—UNITA schools produce students ". . . with more determination for self-improvement and greater academic qualifications than most American high schools";

—UNITA's minuscule number of doctors and scores of health paraprofessionals, many of whom are trained in the Freeland, "successfully perform advanced surgery";

—UNITA technicians, many trained in the Freeland, operate some of the best repair facilities in Africa;

—President Savimbi would have been Angola's first president if the Cuban intervention hadn't usurped the scheduled elections, and "if fair elections were held in Angola today, Savimbi would almost certainly win."

Mr. Sikorski has been taken for a ride by a few malcontents with tangential relationships to UNITA or to Dr. Savimbi. Dinho Chingunji is part of an illustrious UNITA family. The center for training political mobilizers is named after his father, Samuel Chingunji. His uncle David Chingunji is a celebrated UNITA martyr. Dinho, in contrast, has spent almost no time in Angola. He was raised in Zambia and spent two months in Free Angola en route to studies in Great Britain.

Tito Chingunji, Dinho's uncle, is the UNITA deputy secretary general and a ranking party member. When wild rumors began to circulate based on allegations linking President Savimbi to witchcraft, Tito held an international press conference to refute charges of his execution. He also met with Republican Representative Dan Burton, who confirmed his well-being. In fact, UNITA is trying hard to eradicate witchcraft through a balanced program of education and protection of those accused by fellow villagers.

Sikorski's linking of Dr. Savimbi to Communism would be laughable if it wasn't so pernicious. President Savimbi distributed Communist-authored anti-colonial leaflets in Portugal during his student days and escaped via the Communist underground for one reason and one reason only: the Communists led the anti-colonial struggle in Portugal and had the only escape route to the

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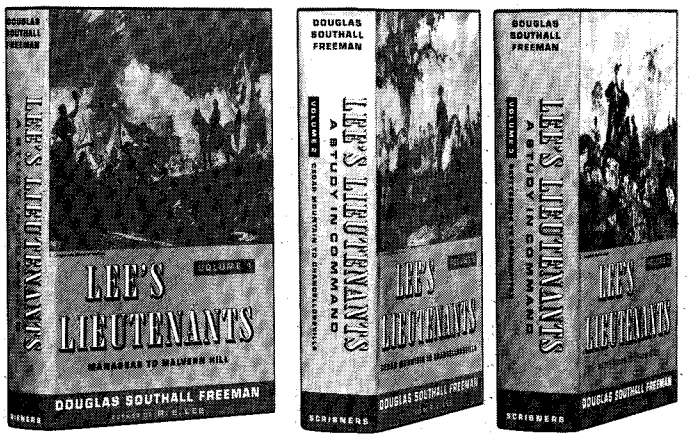

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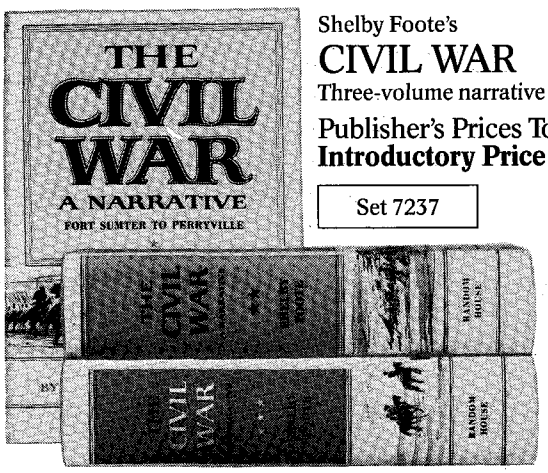

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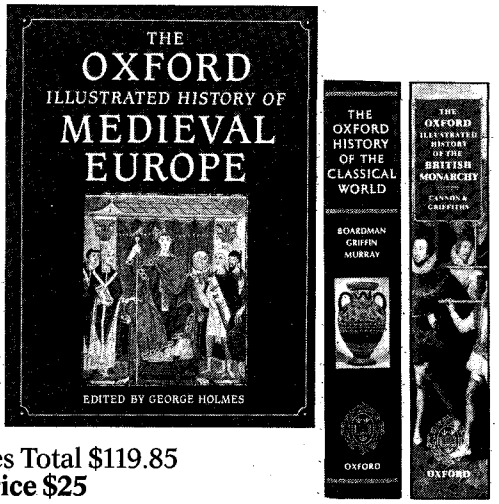
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outside. Even a thorough democrat like Portuguese Prime Minister Mario Soares cooperated with them at that time.

If Sikorski's point is taken to its illogical conclusion, President Savimbi is a proponent of apartheid because geopolitical considerations led to a pragmatic relationship with South Africa.

Democracy means elections in Angola. Dr. Savimbi and UNITA have fought for elections. Dr. Savimbi is prepared to run on his record against any MPLA leader and let the Angolan people choose without foreign interferences.

Jardo Muekalia
UNITA Chief Representative
to the U.S.
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Muekalia may accuse me of bias till the cows come home, even while in the same breath he reiterates my praise of UNITA's genuine achievements.

A lie is a lie is a lie. During my ten weeks with UNITA hardly a day passed on which I was not lied to about something—large or small. UNITA has set up elaborate schemes to deceive journalists, both in Jamba and beyond. Fortunately, my companion throughout the journey—a veteran American war photographer—can confirm my account of UNITA's manipulation and deceit. Neither am I the first to air reservations about UNITA. The best authority on the organization, the author of a sympathetic and acclaimed biography of Savimbi, is now being subjected to crude UNITA threats of physical violence—all for voicing concern. For democrats, UNITA's leaders are somewhat graceless in dealing with criticism.

Savimbi learned Communist techniques of organization and control not only in his early days in Lisbon but primarily during his training in guerrilla war at the Nanking Military Academy in China, still under Mao; and anyone who cares to take a look at UNITA's structure and modus operandi *will see that he learned his lessons well. It is a classic Marxist–Leninist structure with not a vestige of democratic procedures. Unlimited power sooner or later results in abuses.*

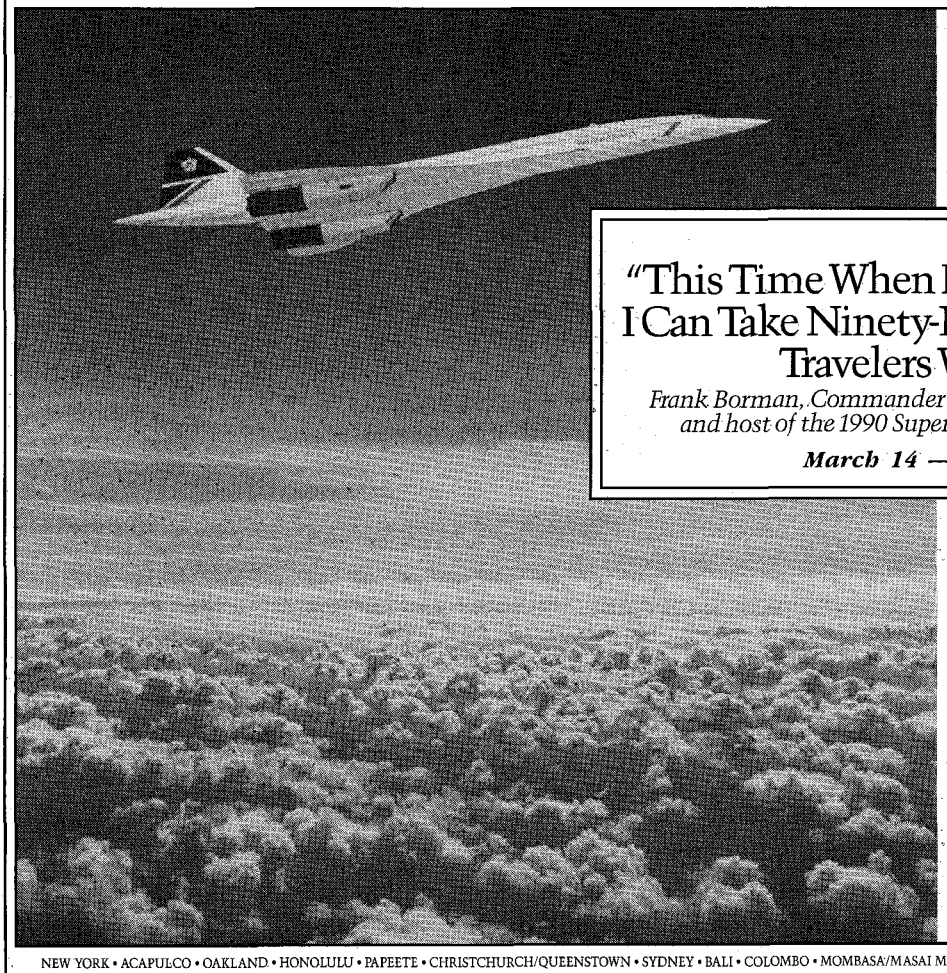
The point is not whether UNITA can run a repair shop or an orphanage—such things exist in Iran, China, and the Soviet Union, too—but whether its commitment to democracy is genuine or a hoax. The fact that UNITA demands elections proves little: the Ovimbundus—UNITA's main supporters—are Angola's largest tribe. Uncle Ho also demanded elections in the knowledge of assured success, but do we want any more of his kind of democrats?

I find it very interesting to note that Mr. Muekalia does not challenge my assertion that Jonas Savimbi's title of "Doctor" is also bogus.

Since Mr. Muekalia solicits my advice, I'll give it: come clean on the wrongs you have inflicted, punish the guilty, abandon UNITA's Leninist structure, establish checks against misuse of power, embrace Christianity for real if that is what you want, encourage your people to participate in the decisions that affect them, abandon the corrupting personality cult of Savimbi, teach your men to speak the truth; in short, practice what you preach, and I'll be the first to laud UNITA's undoubted achievements, and the first to argue that the West should step up its assistance to it. Meanwhile, don't think you're immune from scrutiny by conservatives just because we have enemies in common. —*RS*

Preserving the Arts

I agree with much of Andrew Ferguson's analysis of the National Endowment for the Arts' role in funding certain works by Andres Serrano and the late Robert Mapplethorpe ["Mad about Mapple-



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thorpe," "On the Scene," Aug. 4]. I take very serious issue, however, with his expressed hope that this controversy will pave the way for an end to public funding for the arts.

Mr. Ferguson's libertarian outlook enables him to differentiate between censorship and the denial of public funds for projects calculated to offend public tastes. It does not allow for the use of government resources to maintain our society's most precious asset: our Western heritage.

What better use could be made of public funds than to pass on the best of our civilization? Conservatives ought to play an active role to see that this is done. This is a battle to be waged on peer-review panels and before public arts agencies.

Let's not throw out the Mozart with the Mapplethorpe.

Alvin S. Felzenberg
Assistant Secretary of State
Trenton, N.J.

Leftist, Not Maoist

Though flattered to be described as "Britain's foremost Catholic leftist" ["The Vatican and the Kremlin: Full Circle," June 30], I must put the record straight about Mao. In my 1977 book *The Christian–Marxist Dialogue* (Paulist Press) I reported what others said about "Christian values in Mao." William Doino quotes this passage as though it were my own view. If he had turned the page he would have seen that I say, this time in my own name, that Mao's massive terror cannot be ignored in any Christian assessment of his regime.

I went on: "The killings represent, in extreme form, Mao's tendency to consider his opponents as non-persons. The poisonous weeds who deviate from the unpredictable party line can and must be opposed, and to oppose the line is to forfeit all human rights. That can hardly be one of the 'Christian values' which have found their way incognito into China thanks to Marxism" (*ibid.*, p. 86).

Peter Hebblethwaite
Oxford, England

Those who read Mr. Hebblethwaite's book will discover that he sees the crimes of Maoism as unfortunate aspects of an otherwise commendable movement. His selective quotations ignore the far more damaging remarks he makes, such as these in chapter five: "Whatever the motives and the methods, it is undeniable that there has been a remarkable transformation of Chinese society, and that the lot of the peasants has been improved. . . . Medical care has advanced . . . Not all the experiments in agriculture have succeeded, but an efficient rationing system has ensured that the famines . . . no longer have catastrophic effects. These results have been achieved by releasing the energy and dedication of the Chinese people. Self-reliance is the key to Mao's China."

In the light of these comments, is it not difficult to accept Mr. Hebblethwaite's suggestion that his stance toward Maoism has always been truly Christian? In the same year that his book was published, the eminent Sinologist Simon Leys published his acclaimed work Chinese Shadows, *which described the enormous suffering Maoism has inflicted upon China. Leys had this to say about faddish journalists like Hebblethwaite who tried to tell the world about the New China: "Under the conditions in which foreign residents and visitors now live in the People's Republic of China, it is impossible to write anything but frivolities, and those who think they can do something serious when reporting their Chinese experiences, or who pretend they describe Chinese realities when they are in fact describing the Chinese shadow play produced by Maoist authorities, either deceive their readers or, worse, delude themselves."*
—WD

The Czar's Helpers

William McGurn's article "Drug Czar in Search of a Throne" [June 16] was excellent. William Bennett is a very intelligent person who has been able to capture the essence of the problem.

I direct what I believe to be the largest drug-treatment system in the Western United States. We are establishing a system of clinics to treat drug offenders. One month of treatment in our system for cocaine addiction, for example, costs only $400 per month. We get about the same results for which thousands of dollars are spent in government-funded programs or hospitals.

My organization doesn't rely on government funding. In my mind, successful drug control in this country will be achieved through private-sector innovations. The government need only find ways to assist; these methods need not include much financing. It is my candid belief that a great deal of our drug problem stems from the fact that there is enormous government funding that is not only being wasted, but is actually dragging the system down.

Forest Tennant
West Covina, Calif.

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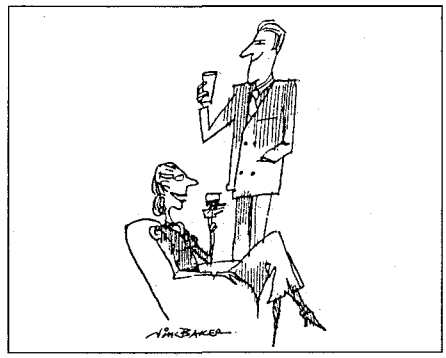
ON THE RECORD

■ What were House Speaker **Tom Foley** and Majority Leader **Richard Gephardt** doing in Texas just four days after the Labor Day break? They were attending annual picnic to honor Rep. **Charles Stenholm** (D., Tex.), chairman of the Conservative Democratic Forum in the House. Democratic leadership fears revival of the Boll Weevil bloc in House, first evidenced by recent revolt of six Southern Democrats who bucked Foley, Gephardt, and **Dan Rostenkowski** in House Ways and Means Committee, which Rostenkowski chairs. Hence the courting of Stenholm. Stenholm has told the leaders: "We are a minority, and we can be ignored or run over. But you'll have difficulty winning without us." . . . Problem is twofold. For first time in living memory there is no Southerner in a leadership position in House. Second, the new leadership team is not only liberal, but very liberal: Foley, ACU 4, ADA 85; Gephardt, ACU 10, ADA 75; **William Gray** (Majority Whip), ACU 0, ADA 95. . . . On Senate side, same thing holds: Majority Leader **George Mitchell** has ACU rating of 0, ADA rating of 95. . . . Leadership's fear of Southern revolt is justified. Some Democrats, the most recent being Rep. **Tommy Robinson** (D., Ark.), are switching parties. And some Southern districts are switching columns, as did **Claude Pepper**'s Florida district last week when it fell to a Republican, **Ileana Ros-Lehtinen**. Commented Republican National Committee Chairman **Lee Atwater**: "That seat has been a Democratic seat since it was created. For us to win it is a major victory."

■ Can you believe the Soviets today any more than in 1962 when Ambassador **Dobrynin** flatly denied that **Khrushchev** had installed missiles in Cuba? No, says the State Department, which has published an intelligence report on Soviet and Eastern European shipments to Nicaragua of



Baker, *Punch* / Rothco

"With a common monetary system we could be overdrawn in twelve countries simultaneously."

$300-million worth of military supplies since January. In May, **Mikhail Gorbachev** wrote **George Bush** that the Soviet Union had shipped no weapons to Nicaragua since January 1989; in July **Eduard Shevardnadze** assured **James Baker** that this was so. State's report, which was unclassified, was picked up only by *Washington Times*, *Washington Inquirer*, *Accuracy in Media*, and the Japanese *Sekai Nippo*. . . . At Col. **Muammur Qaddafi**'s $300-million celebration of revolutionary Libya's twentieth anniversary, **Daniel Ortega** gloated that **Ronald Reagan**, the scourge of the Sandinista and Libyan revolutions, was out of the action today, to which Qaddafi added that Reagan was "[with] **Hitler** and **Mussolini** in the dustbin of history." . . . On August 15, **Fidel Castro** banned *Moscow News* and the Spanish-language Communist *Sputnik* from sale in Cuba. Too revisionist? . . . Amnesty International reports that at least 1,300 civilians were killed in suppression of freedom movement in Peking and Chengdu in June, and estimates subsequent arrests to be in the "tens of thousands." . . . A recent student arrestee, **Zhang Weiping**, got nine years for talking to a Voice of America reporter. . . . Under martial law, none of the 130 foreign correspondents in Peking can interview anyone without prior authorization from a foreign-affairs office that has only one telephone line. . . . United Nations has again passed resolution calling for independence for **Puerto Rico** and acceptance of so-called 1,514 principles, which include: release of political prisoners and prisoners of war, cessation of repressive activities, return of political exiles, and reparations for the 91 years of colonialism. That was too much for Norway, which this year voted with the United States. . . . **Gallup** poll on hostage situation shows 66 per cent of American people favoring some kind of military action if diplomacy fails to produce results shortly.

■ Right wing in motion: **W. Glenn Campbell** has retired after thirty years as director of Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace. During his tenure, Hoover tripled in size and its endowment topped $125 million. . . . Former **Jeane Kirkpatrick** aide and senatorial candidate **Alan Keyes** will head Washington office of **Peter Grace**'s Citizens against Waste in Government. . . . Former *New Republic* political editor (1977–79) and NBC correspondent **Ken Bode** has been named adjunct senior fellow of Hudson Institute in Indianapolis and director of Center for Contemporary Media at DePauw University. . . **Robert Bork** will receive **Shelby Cullom Davis** Award at Ethics and Public Policy dinner in Washington on November 14, and **Lech Walesa**, who was not permitted to receive award in person in 1983, may show up this time around. . . . **Ernest Lefever**, longtime director of Ethics and Public Policy Center, is on sabbatical but will return to the Center as a Senior Fellow in Applied Ethics January 1. His successor is **George Weigel**, of the **James Madison** Foundation. . . . This year's Saratoga Conference on "The International Playing Field" will be held at Saratoga, N.Y., on October 4–6. For info, contact **Barbara Mabel**, Albany Law School, 80 New Scotland Ave., Albany, N.Y. 12208.

■ Rejected: The Pumpkin Papers Irregulars, the society dedicated to keeping **Whittaker Chambers**'s memory bright, reports *Washington Post* has refused to run the following classified ad: "Wanted: stuffed prothonotary warbler."

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THE WEEK

When Barney Frank announced he was gay two years back, we should have asked ourselves what he was hiding.

Now that Herb London has withdrawn from the New York mayoral primary (September 12), Ron Lauder is the animal nearest to Reagan Republican Man on the New York political scene. New York Republicans who think that their party should retain some attachment to principle must cast their votes for him. Between them, Ed Koch and Lauder represent something like the Reagan Coalition in New York City's weird politics. If we have to endorse someone, we guess it's them.

One largely overlooked provision in last year's "Fair Housing Act" would prohibit state and local officials from informing residents when group homes for the aged or for the mentally, physically, or emotionally disabled are planned for their neighborhoods. It seems that the Congress was afraid that a few individuals who might have devoted their entire working lives to investing in homes for themselves and their families might be less than enthusiastic about group homes next door and might therefore engage in "discriminatory" conduct toward such homes. Presumably now, thanks to your representative in Washington, group homes will appear in the still of the night before the community learns what is happening. We will wait with interest to see how many of these homes appear in such bedroom communities of Washington, D.C., as McLean, Virginia, and Silver Spring, Maryland.

Leona Helmsley, the Wicked Witch of the East, is a figure so unsympathetic that in her one-sided fight with the IRS, the public is rooting for the IRS. She became hated for her arrogance, for firing employees just before Christmas, for cavalierly failing to pay debts to people less wealthy than herself, and, finally, for uttering the fatal words: "Only little people pay taxes." La Helmsley should be set to doing janitorial work, perhaps in some of the halls and pantries of her own empire. It isn't the business of the courts to reform character, but to send this lady to jail would be a waste of money, and since a different kind of punishment ("community service") is appropriate, why not something that brings poetic satisfaction to the community at large, and especially to the community familiar with her?

President John Silber of Boston University is betting that BU can run a distressed urban school district much more effectively than the present management. The Chelsea district has six schools and 3,500 students, most of them Hispanic or Cambodian, and the highest dropout rate in Massachusetts. The BU plan has been long in the making. The university has provided its own management team, will operate the schools every work day, year around, from 7:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., and will have adult literacy and child nutrition programs. This experiment, supervised by the redoubtable Silber, will be watched around the nation.

The triumphant trip of Voyager to Neptune and then beyond the boundaries of the solar system makes an anti-Luddite point. Technological advance is exponential. If a thing can be conceived, it probably can be done. What the practical results will be cannot now be said, but the results for pure science have been great. From the next probe, we will learn what the celestial environment beyond the sun's influence is like. Columbus persuaded Ferdinand and Isabella that he would reach China and make Spain rich. In his heart, he thought that he was rediscovering Eden. Not quite but he did rather more than he had promised.

Gallagher and Sheen

Oh, Mr. Cheney; oh, Mr. Cheney!
  You're so beastly to the Russians; prithee, why?
When I turn the other cheek
It appears like doublespeak:
  Must you always stick the fellow in the eye?

Oh, Mr. Bush, get off your *tush*
  And observe the Russian bear as others do.
If you did, I'm sure you'd find,
Though he sits on *his* behind,
  You and Goldilocks both share a point of view.

Oh, Mr. Cheney, you're such a *meany*.
  Did you smack the other schoolboys in the mush?
Mr. Gorbachev and I
Both enjoy Mom's apple pie;
Have a forkful, Mr. Cheney!
  I feel nauseous, Mr. Bush.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Had to happen. Just as Hugh Hefner and his bride (who's young enough to be his granddaughter) announced that they're expecting, the *National Enquirer* reported that his mother-in-law (who's young enough to be his daughter) has moved into the Playboy mansion and is making his life hell. The moral is—well, if you've read the Playboy Philosophy you *know* the moral.

The year's best oxymoron was coined by National Public Radio's *All Things Considered*: "incorruptible public agencies."

War on What?

The Democrats' response to the President's message on drugs made it clear that the war on drugs is really going to be a bidding war—the kind of war the Democrats never lose. The $7.9-billion program Bush proposes, which won't even require a tax increase, is, said Delaware's Senator Joe Biden, chicken feed. You want a drug program? *We'll* show you a drug program.

Both Bush and Biden know that the public is so upset about drugs, and drug-related crime, that it will tolerate not only military metaphors but talk of higher spending and tax increases. But Bush has pledged not to raise taxes, leaving himself open to the Democrats' charge that he isn't really serious about fighting drugs. In order to force a tax hike, the Democrats, if Biden is any indication, will adopt the crime theme as their own.

In contemporary politics, "leadership" is thought to consist in offering "programs," grandiose problem-solving projects. Most such projects, of course, are steps in the direction of socialism, and the Republicans, the furtive and shame-faced champions of private property and a free economy, have never been able to compete with their Democratic adversaries in offering the free lunch.

Drugs promised to be different. Here the Republicans thought they could offer an ambitious program that would not involve government in redistributing wealth but only in the popular enterprises of fighting crime and reaffirming traditional values. The "war on drugs" seemed to be a way of seizing the initiative from the Democrats, who are vaguely associated with the pro-drug liberalism of the Sixties.

But Biden exemplifies the Democrats' talent for shedding last year's skin and taking the offensive. Their enthusiasm for assuming the lead in the war on drugs is a sign that the program is a natural for them, and is therefore probably misconceived.

Bush's "program" is actually not much more than a list: law enforcement, hitting foreign drug producers, drug treatment, and drug education. Only the second item is somewhat novel, thanks to the arrival of a new set of villains in the form of Latin American cocaine tycoons. But the idea of a massive search-and-destroy mission against them exemplifies the fallacy of particularism: "victory" in the war on drugs is thought to consist in hunting down *these* drug merchants.

What Bush is really pitting the resources of government against is a huge and resilient market, of which the Colombian and Panamanian kingpins only happen to be the momentary salients. Wipe them out, and the domestic demand will only create others.

The President's intentions are laudable, and the horrors of drug abuse are only too evident. Public concern is fully warranted, and it is appropriate for government to seek a way to cope with the various evils associated with drugs and their distribution. Provided, that is, we come to terms with a fact of life: drug use isn't going to wither away—at least not without a sea-change in public morality. So the likely result of the war on drugs, as currently conceived, is the same result we've seen in the war on poverty: a permanent bureaucracy in perverse symbiosis with an intractable problem.

Census and Citizenship

Sometime before the end of the year, the House of Representatives is likely to address one of the most outrageous of all federal policies—the counting of illegal aliens in the census for purposes of congressional apportionment. Recently, the Senate voted to require the Census Bureau to adjust its procedures so that apportionment figures following the 1980 census would exclude illegal aliens. With opposition from much of the Hispanic community and from representatives from states in which large numbers of illegals reside (California, Texas, New York), the outcome in the House is uncertain. In 1980, an estimated two million illegal aliens were included in the count; on the same basis, that figure today is estimated to have risen to over six million.

What is at stake in this debate is far more than whether a handful of House seats shifts from Pennsylvania and Michigan to California and New York. Rather, it is quite literally the meaning of citizenship. To allow the governmental structure in

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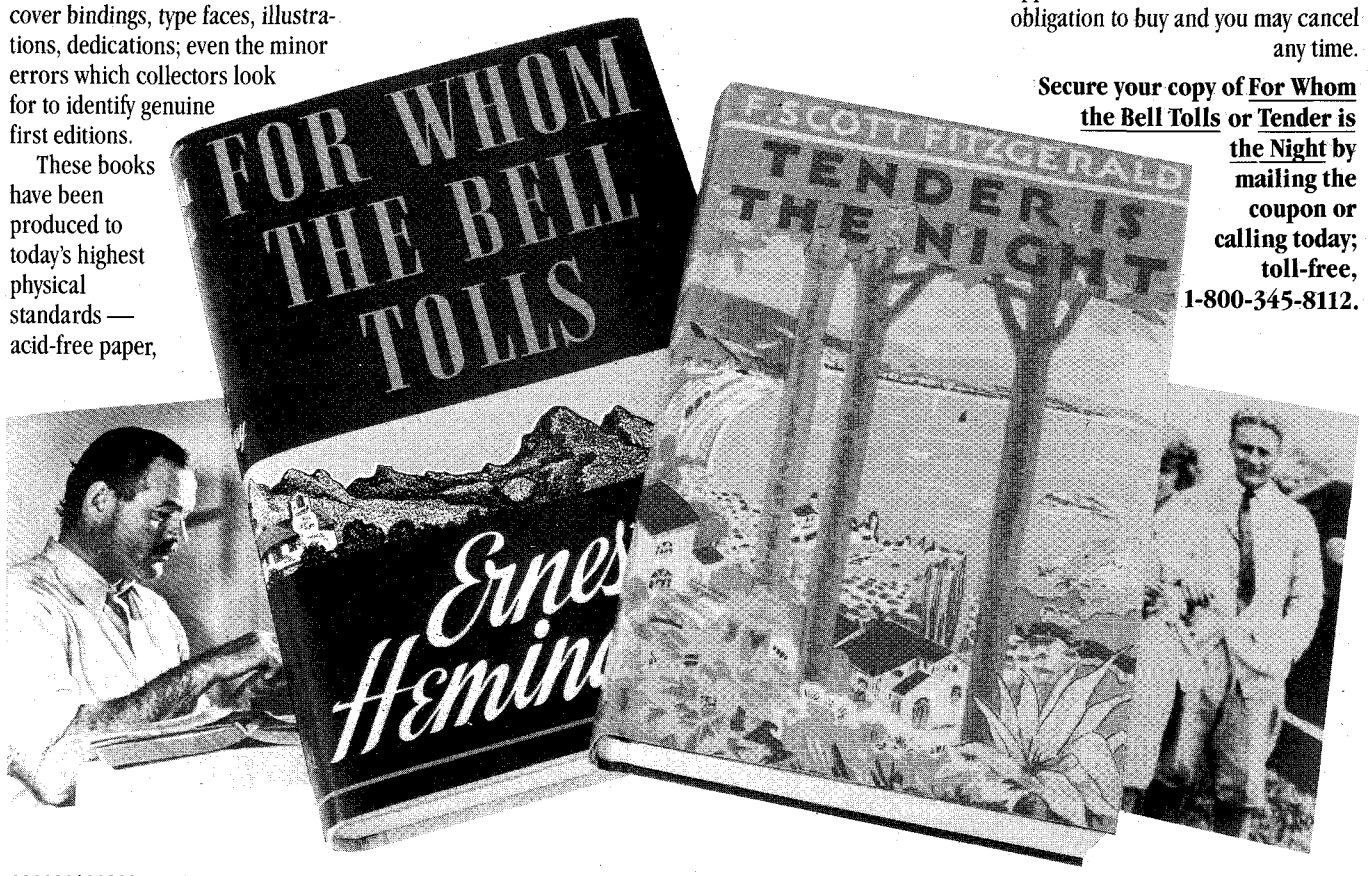

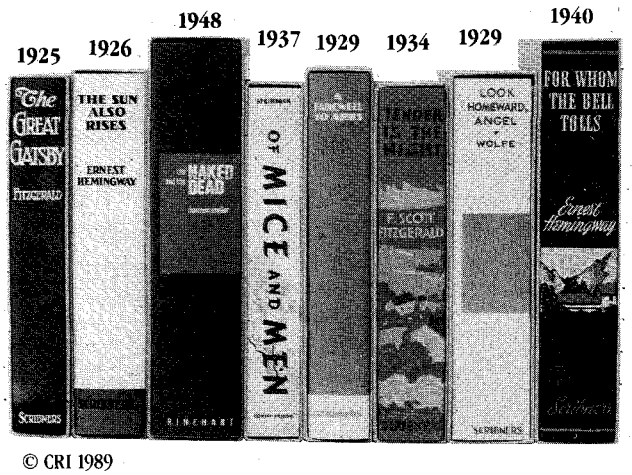

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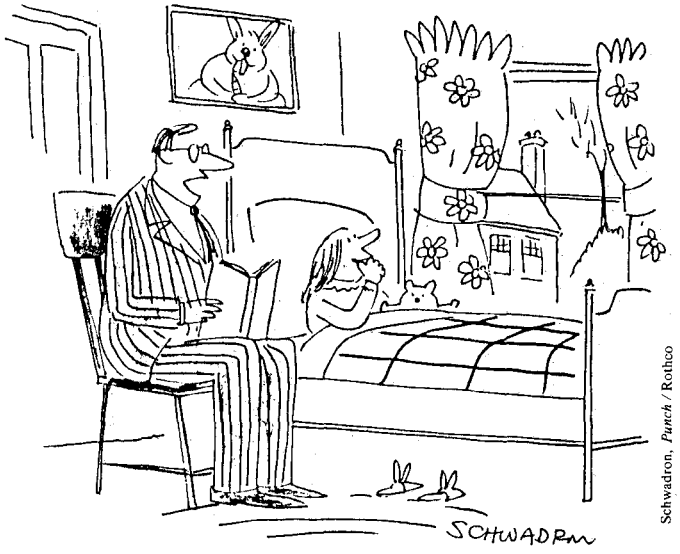
the United States, as well as the political balance of power, to be affected by six million individuals who are unlawfully in this country (and presumably subject to deportation if caught) is seriously to dilute the value of citizenship for those individuals who are properly a part of the political community.

To accord a state with a high concentration of illegals an effective representation of one representative per 450,000 citizens while according astate with few illegals only one representative per 600,000 citizens works to the obvious disadvantage of the latter and its citizens. Indeed one might wonder about the commitment to enforcing the immigration and naturalization laws on the part of state officials whose jurisdictions might stand to gain one or two congressional seats.



Schwadron, *Punch* / Rothco

"The household robot laughed to see such sport, and the micro-processor ran away with the cellular phone."

As so often, the Constitution is raised as a barrier to common-sense policy. The Mexican-American Legal Defense and Education Fund (MALDEF) characterizes efforts to exclude illegal aliens as "disastrous" and unconstitutional. It correctly points out that the Fourteenth Amendment requires that apportionment be based upon the "whole number of persons in each state." That, however, does not resolve the matter. Rather, the phrase "in each state" has been viewed, since the time of the Framers, as communicating the idea that the persons to be counted "belonged" to the state in some comprehensible way. Thus, the apportionment count has never been viewed as covering European tourists who might be in North Dakota on census day, or diplomatic personnel, or invading armies, notwithstanding that these might reasonably be deemed "persons."

Certainly, those who drafted the Constitution, as well as the drafters of the Fourteenth Amendment, never contemplated the impact of their handiwork upon illegal aliens. There were no immigration laws of note and therefore no illegal immigrants. Times have changed considerably. If our constitutional analysis is incorrect, then the Constitution ought to be changed. As one Democratic representative from North Carolina recently put it, "What a weird situation, what an awful situation for North Carolina or any other state, to lose representation in Congress because of people who ignore our laws."

Apocalypse Revisited

The stock market is back to the level it had reached before the 1987 Crash, and there is nothing particularly cloudy in the economic outlook as far as the eye can see. Yet, when the stock market crashed in October 1987, the perennial critics of supply-side policies could barely contain their glee. Peter Kilborn of the *New York Times* confidently announced that "the Reagan revolution, if it ever really began, has come and gone," and the *Times* began running, as a regular feature, charts comparing stock prices in 1987 with those in 1929. (This has been discontinued, for obvious reasons.) Alfred Malabre of the *Wall Street Journal* thought "the problem seems greater" than in 1929, because there were no "twin deficits" back then, and Latin American defaults were less important. Alan Murray, another *Wall Street Journal* specialist in gloom, figured the Federal Reserve faced an impossible dilemma: "If the Fed doesn't do enough to bolster the economy, the stock-market collapse could quickly drag down other areas of the economy. And if the Fed primes the pump with too much money, it risks collapse of the dollar and renewed fears of inflation." The reason for this narrow choice between inflation and recession, Murray explained, was that "President Reagan . . . has stubbornly refused all year to even consider raising taxes." Higher tax rates, as all Washington reporters will tell you, are very good for the economy.

Wall Street economists fed the press with equally erratic gloom. In his *Journal of Commerce* column of February 1988, Erich Heinemann of Ladenburg, Thalmann wrote "Curtain Is Falling on Growth." Yet only four months later, Heinemann followed by warning of a roaring boom, so "inflation will come back with a vengeance." Indeed, the same journalists and economists who had been talking about another Great Depression once again switched, as

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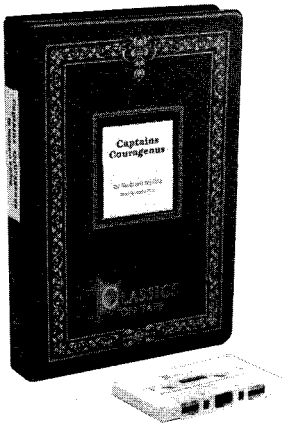

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Post Script

Before they vanish like dodos,
  Done in by (you fill the blank),
Let's toast the Contras, who, like yo-yos,
  Answered when we gave a yank

W. H. VON DREELE

they had in 1984, to worrying about an "overheated" economy, which would push inflation sky high. A couple of big increases in producer prices early in 1989 fed this new inflation scare, even as the rising dollar and falling commodity prices were instead predicting the obvious moderation of inflation in recent months. Undaunted by the fact that inflation has come down smartly while the economy grew at a 3.2 per cent pace in the first half of this year, confused Keynesians still continue to blame inflation on too much employment, rather than too much money. Louis Uchitelle of the *New York Times* recently wrote that "the gross national product must be kept to an expansion rate of 2 per cent or less. More growth could result in inflationary shortages." Yet Uchitelle also noted that "Just one month ago, most economic forecasters employed by banks and brokerage houses were warning of an imminent recession; now they are celebrating continued growth." Indeed. And while we are celebrating what may well turn out to be the longest and strongest economic expansion this country has ever enjoyed, let us take a moment to give credit to a few supply-side heretics who always said lower tax rates and a non-inflationary monetary policy would have precisely that affect. If the economy should *ever* stumble into recession at some point during the next decade or two, though, we would not be at all surprised to see it blamed on "the ill-fated gamble of Reaganomics."

Whose Auschwitz?

Auschwitz was the scene of mass murder perpetrated very largely, but not exclusively, against European Jews. That murder was also, viewed from its victims' standpoint, a mass martyrdom. Auschwitz is therefore both holy and unholy, a bleak relic of a monstrous crime evoking horror, a monument to the innocent dead evoking pity, a place of remembrance in both senses. And because Jews were the principal martyrs, their feelings on how to express such remembrance should be respected.

It was just such a sense of respect that brought about the 1987 Geneva agreement between four Catholic cardinals and the World Jewish Congress to relocate a Carmelite convent from Auschwitz to another site. The Catholic nuns had established themselves there from the highest motives, which, in turn, others should respect: to pray for the Auschwitz victims of every religion. But Jewish opinion sees Auschwitz, in all its terrible ambiguity, as a specifically Jewish place where a Catholic presence would be as jarring as a yeshiva at the shrine of our Lady of Czestochowa.

That alone justifies moving the convent. The agreement was not in any sense an admission that earlier centuries of Christian anti-Semitism had made it somehow unfitting for the co-religionists of the three million Polish Catholics who died in the Holocaust to pray at the site of *their* martyrdom. And if that were thought to be the logic of the agreement, Catholic and Christian resentment at it would be understandable.

Unfortunately, because the removal of the convent was (for whatever reason) delayed, that is where the argument has drifted. First, the ever-obstreperous Rabbi Avraham Weiss and a handful of American Jews invaded the convent and were unceremoniously ejected by building workers. Then Jozef Cardinal Glemp, Primate of Poland, calling for the agreement to be renegotiated, made remarks which in their English translation seem to echo old themes of anti-Semitism: that the Jews are a superior race that controls the media. In their turn, some Jewish commentators portrayed the Holocaust as an enterprise carried out by "Christians who called themselves Christians." Writing thus in the *New York Times*, Mr. Leon Wieseltier went on to observe that the shadow of the Cross at Auschwitz was, "with all due respect, sickening." Is such an observation really compatible with "all due respect"? We doubt it.

Others have kept their heads and their tempers. Three of the four cardinals who negotiated the agreement have publicly called for it to be honored. They have been strongly supported by John Cardinal O'Connor of New York. And Rabbi Jack Bemporad of the Synogogue Council of America has sensibly observed that "all this going to the brink is not very helpful." Those directly concerned, if necessary prompted by discreet Vatican diplomacy, should now cordially implement the agreement they signed with as much haste as is compatible with episcopal and rabbinical dignity. A deal is a deal; the special Jewish character of Auschwitz should be respected; and the efficacy of prayer is likely to be more damaged by continuing controversy than by a

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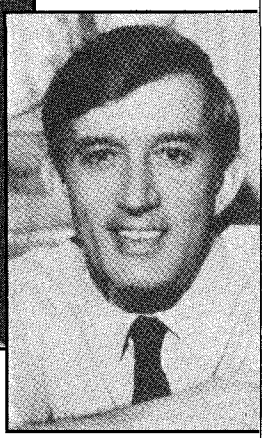
Great Minds. Great Opinions.

James Kilpatrick



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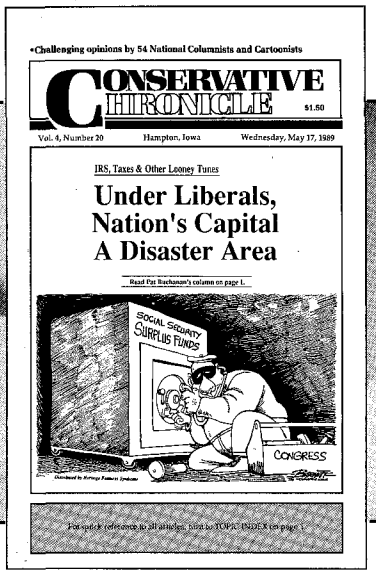
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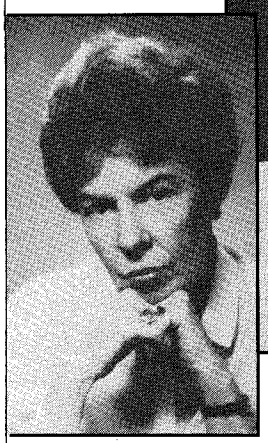

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change of venue. When the nuns return to their prayers, let them include in them those who have aggravated a painful controversy that could have been resolved by a virtue no higher than that of good manners.

A. Bartlett Giamatti, R I P

He was a complicated gentleman. As one friend/admirer who knew him since college days put it, he was a virtuoso in all matters, but nobody's partner in anything. He truly loved the learning he acquired with such facility and communicated with such relish and eloquence. And he had a golden tongue, including one for self-deprecation. With mocking reference to the time he spent restoring bedraggled Yale buildings, he remarked that he would be remembered for having presided over the "golden age of the infrastructure."

Unhappily, Mr. Giamatti suffered from that odd kind of insecurity that is appeased by occasional outbursts of trendy behavior. When he was named president of Yale the rumor actually got about that a sleepy board of trustees had mistakenly tapped a closet Republican. Perhaps because of this, the new president astonished some of his supporters. To the incoming freshman class he spoke of the singular dangers of the Moral Majority—about as menacing to the health of Yale freshmen as a locust plague. And then a few months later he denied permission to the Yale Glee Club to sing, for the Voice of America, a chorus as a Christmas greeting to the struggling Solidarity movement in Poland. Public remonstrance from this quarter on these occasions resulted in Bart Giamatti's dropping us like a stone.

Indeed he was careless of many old friendships; but that is how he was, and in spite of it, no one can forget the vivacity of his company or the sharp turn of his mind and tongue. It is truly sad that he left so soon a world he enriched so prodigally. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Winning second place in the Delectations Contest was a thrill, and the $5.50 coffee mug from B. Altman's Stock No. 0533266 sits nicely in my kitchen along with a note from Pierre Franey and a mug from *The American Spectator* which actually says "American Spectator." The tardy arrival of my mug was just one day after my 12-year-old son stated: "Gee, daddy, where is your prize? If you cannot trust Bill Buckley, whom can you trust?"

Sincerely yours,
Samuel A. Nigro, MD
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Dear Dr. Nigro: Nice story, doc, but it falls into the category of "remarks we doubt ever got remarked." Surely your son would have said, "If you *can't* trust Bill Buckley, *who* can you trust?" Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

In *Judgment Day—My Years with Ayn Rand*, Nathaniel Branden presents, for public scrutiny, aspects about Rand which have never been publicly revealed. The woman, whom millions of fans associate with the ideal of reason, is portrayed in her moment of uncontrollable desire, severe depression, and unrelenting fury. Branden, who was closer to Rand than anyone for a period of 14 years, now recognizes that his former mentor and lover possessed many of the faults that she would not tolerate in others.

Dr. Branden mentions your relationship with Ayn Rand several times in his book. Enclosed are the pages on which these references appear. He writes that you were never able to achieve a reconciliation with Rand; it is ironic that after having been Rand's closest intimate, Dr. Branden shares that same fate.

I will call you in a few days to discuss the possibility of Dr. Branden appearing as a guest on *Firing Line*.

Sincerely,
Karen Lee
Public Relations, Houghton Mifflin
Los Angeles, Calif.

From Branden's book:

"Of course political liberals and left-wing intellectuals will hate the book," Ayn told us many times, "but wait. The worst attacks will come from the religionists." Again she was right. Of all the hostile reviews I saw, none quite matched the ferocity of Whittaker Chambers's in William Buckley's conservative magazine, NATIONAL REVIEW.

Ayn had met Buckley some time earlier; he had invited her to tea. With characteristic bluntness she had asked this practicing Catholic, "Tell me, how can an intelligent young man like you believe in God?" Later, when she reported to Barbara and me on this meeting, she summed Buckley up as follows: "Clever, but an intellectual lightweight. An opportunist. Very 'social'; not genuinely interested in ideas. And potentially dangerous, if he acquires an influence—because he tells people that the foundation of capitalism is religious faith, which implies that reason and science are on the side of the collectivists."

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"La Colombia, C'est moi!"

Whittaker Chambers was a former confessed Communist spy turned religionist. To expect him to review with integrity a book whose values were the antithesis of his own in every essential respect was like asking him to step outside of his own soul—like asking Satan to review the Bible. He accused the novel of advocating crude materialism and dictatorship; he implicitly equated materialism and dictatorship; he implicitly equated its ideas with Nazism. "The Dollar Sign," he wrote, "is not merely provocative . . . it is meant to seal the fact that mankind is ready to submit abjectly to an élite of technocrats. . . . From almost any page of *Atlas Shrugged*, a voice can be heard, from painful necessity, commanding: 'To a gas chamber—go!' "

I do not know if Ayn ever read the review in its entirety; she said she did not. Her voice was like ice when she told the Collective: "If Buckley's goal is to establish himself publicly as the champion of capitalism—God help the country!—then I am the one person he and his gang have to try to discredit and destroy."

Ayn remained indifferent to Chambers. It was Buckley whom she condemned, because his public persona was that of a champion of capitalism and freedom. She knew he was not, pointing out that he merely favored different political controls from his liberal adversaries—censorship, for one, to protect "public morality"; military conscription, for another. "He's a champion of property but not of human life," she said with disgust. Soon her disdain for him became widely known; she would not sit on any platform with him and would not remain seated at any meeting where he stood up to speak.

I recall visiting Ayn, a year or two after the publication of Chambers's review, and seeing a postcard Buckley had written her from a New York restaurant, wanting to know why they could not be friends. Ayn speculated that he must have been drunk when he wrote it. On another occasion I was present when he telephoned her, teasing her about her animosity and suggesting that they "make up." Again she commented, "He sounded as if he'd been drinking."

Dear Miss Lee: Mr. Branden confirms in his book what has been public knowledge for those interested. In his words, "Soon [Miss Rand's] disdain for him [me, WFB] became widely known; she would not sit on any platform with him and would not remain seated at any meeting where he stood up to speak." It would dishonor the memory of Miss Rand for her most famous disciple to sit down in my presence, and it would be very awkward, on *Firing Line*, for me to stand up, in order to make it possible for Mr. Branden to remain seated, if you see what I mean, which I don't completely, come to think of it. Cordially,

WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Just a note in passing on flag burning. If it ever again becomes a crime, I propose the following. Since most of the brain-damaged charmers who torch Old Glory are lovers of Communism, I submit that they be sentenced to six months use of Russian toilet paper. I guarantee that at the end of that time something will be on fire, but it will not be the American flag.

Cordially yours,
Fred Fierthaler
Nineveh, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Fierthaler: Interesting point. That would certainly take care of the relevant end of the flag burners. Cordially,

—WFB

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Cutting the Cord in Honduras

WILLIAM McGURN

THE YAMALES VALLEY, HONDURAS—High above the muddy path that leads to the resistance camps this side of the Nicaraguan border, the humidity weighs so heavily on the clouds that they stick to the mountain treetops. All around it is green and still, punctuated by the occasional stream. But just over the next hill the muck and slime give way to a large clearing holding an awesome sight: more than four thousand Contra regulars lined up for a formation in full battle dress.

At their head their leader, Comandante Franklin, orders the troops at ease and addresses them from a raised wooden platform. The comandante exhorts his men not to be discouraged by the fickleness of the U.S. Congress, reminds them it is better to die fighting for freedom than to live as slaves, and vows that Daniel Ortega will feel their pressure. *Viva la Nicaragua!* he cries, and the soldiers shout their approval.

Jennifer Lawson

At a briefing in a nearby tent a few minutes later, the stocky Contra leader confirms that what his men really want to do is to go back and continue the fight. Speaking over the muffled sounds of nearby helicopters, he says that he thinks it's important for the Contras to be inside Nicaragua before the elections in order to guarantee the fairness of the process. He also concedes the divisions among the Contra leadership, but doesn't appear too worried about them.

"We are aware that our success depends on unity," Franklin says. "But differences exist because this is a movement of human beings; it is democratic, and there are differences of opinion."

This is the Contras as they have never been presented to the American public: clean, orderly men of simple stock willing to sacrifice themselves for their homeland. Ninety-seven per cent of them are *campesinos*, or small farmers, with little formal education, according to a profile in a U.S. Embassy report. Here in Yelanas it's also immediately obvious that a good number are boys as young as 13 or 14, too young to shave, hardly the grizzled Somoza loyalists of Sandinista propaganda.

Just 29 years old, Comandante Franklin is typical of the men he leads, certainly much more a man of the people than any of the junta members sitting in Managua. His real name is Israel Galeano, and he has perhaps a fourth-grade education. But he has more than proved himself on the field. And while Daniel Ortega may mock the Contras in their "Miami condos" he doesn't joke about Comandante Franklin, whose band of men have stood off a combined Sandinista force including militia and reserves of 180,000 supported by billions in Soviet and Cuban military aid.

"Most of the Sandinista forces are conscripts," explains the Contra leader. "They don't have our spirit."

Franklin and his men are gratified by the visit from Conservative Caucus chairman Howard Phillips, and particularly by the presence of Representative Dan Burton (R., Ind.), one of the few congressmen to take the time to travel to a part of the world which is the topic of feverish debate back in Washington. Most striking, none of the leading Democratic critics have come down to meet with the Contras and their wives and children here in the valley.

Instead, congressional passion has been spent on subverting American foreign policy, for example, by holding Bush ambassadorial nominees hostage and intimidating those carrying out the aid programs. "We can't even get foreign-service officers to come down here," says Congressman Burton. "The word has gone out that the Chris Dodds and David Boniors are watching, and your career is going nowhere if you support Administration policy." And so we have a Contra aid program that sees the Government Accounting Office searching banana shipments for concealed bullets and a little Nicaraguan girl dying on the operating table because the wire that would have linked the operating lights to the generator is listed as lethal aid.

What this suggests is that when it comes to foreign policy the real banana republic is Uncle Sam. Nor can it be blamed entirely on Congress. For all his achievements in the region Ronald Reagan started the problem in 1982 when he said his goal was the *reform* of the Sandinistas rather than their ouster; George Bush compounded it by failing to admit to *any* Central American policy. This perception of American impotence was only confirmed by the Administration's inability to remove General Manuel Noriega from power.

Faced with American irresoluteness, the presidents of Honduras, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and El Salvador decided (correctly) that their immediate domestic interests were best served by cutting a deal with Nicaragua, which they did in August at Tela. In the back of their minds they

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believe that the U.S. will never allow the Sandinistas to open Soviet bases on the Pacific or threaten access to the Panama Canal approaches; when things get hot enough, they reckon, the U.S. will come in to put out the fire. Maybe, maybe not. But the failure to support the Contras today does guarantee greater regional instability tomorrow, to the point where another Administration might have no choice but to send in troops.

Back in the Yamales Valley, the strategic concerns of Pacific security are far away from the men encamped here, most of whom joined the Contras because the Sandinistas' economic and military policies made life unbearable for most peasants. There is also a growing sentiment, rising up from the bottom ranks, that the regional peace plans are bankrupt, and that the only way to change things is to return to Nicaragua (where about a quarter of their forces remain). It's clear that whatever the UN, the U.S. Congress, or even the presidents of Central America might decide about demobilization, the decision will finally rest with the Contras themselves.

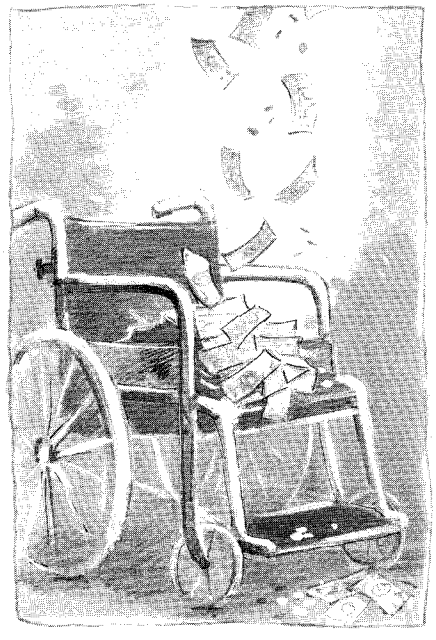
"If we were to tell the troops that each of them would have arms," says Comandante Franklin, "not one of them would stay here. We don't have the weapons, but we have the will."

Disabling America

SUSAN MANDEL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Rallying from their recent setbacks on the judicial front, the civil-rights groups are now bulldozing over their last frontier, the question of "rights" for the disabled. The American Civil Liberties Union has taken the lead on the Americans with Disabilities Act, a bill that dwarfs the original Civil Rights Act of 1964 in its scope and in the penalties it would impose. The Senate plans to vote on the bill this month, and House action is expected next year. With 58 co-sponsors in the Senate and over 220 in the House, its passage is considered to be a foregone conclusion.

The Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA) is the legislative legacy of former House Democratic Whip Tony Coelho and former Senator Lowell Weicker. After those two left the halls of Congress, Senator Tom Harkin (D., Iowa) and Representative Steny Hoyer (D., Md.) stepped in as the main sponsors of the bill. The ADA covers every aspect of public life its sponsors could think of: employment, housing, transportation, education, recreation—about anyplace outside the home or church. Private businesses and organizations would have to remove all architectural barriers to the handicapped and provide whatever special aids (interpreters, readers, etc.) they may need to enjoy the same "service, program, activity, [or] benefit" that everybody else does. Employers of 15



Jennifer Lawson

or more workers would have to do the same, as well as restructure job duties and alter company policies for potential disabled employees.

The burden of proof is on the organization to show that it is highly impractical, if not impossible, to make the mandated changes. Whether or not there's an immediate need to accommodate the disabled—that is, whether any of them actually want to work in a particular establishment or use a particular facility—doesn't even enter into the picture.

In effect, the bill's sponsors are claiming not only that we have a duty to help make the lives of the handicapped easier, but that failing to go to considerable trouble and expense to do so constitutes purposeful discriminiation. "Traditional anti-discrimination acts told people not to do bad things. This bill imposes virtue at great cost," as one Hill official puts it.

The total cost of the legislation is not known, because it's unclear exactly what degree of effort it demands. The bill's ambiguity makes it certain, however, that the legal expenses of court battles to determine who is disabled and how far one has to go to accommodate them will be major. Harkin himself, on introducting the bill, said "it's time . . . we opened the courthouse door for persons with disabilities."

Nor does "disabled" simply mean blind, deaf, or confined to a wheelchair. The bill is so vague that psychopaths, sociopaths, kleptomaniacs, homosexuals, drug addicts, alcholics, and people who are simply overweight could fall under its definition. Indeed, disability-rights groups say the bill would cover nine hundred different classes of disabilities. Moreover, "the courts will have to decide what constitutes 'reasonable accommodations' on a case-by-case basis. The legislation could tie up the courts forever," says Mike Tongour, chief counsel to the Senate Minority Whip. And unlike previous civil-rights laws, ADA would allow people to sue for unintentional discrimination, and to sue pre-emptively if they feel they are *about* to be discriminated against.

"Basically, what the bill requires [people to do] is to make sure they don't *inadvertently* discriminate against somebody. Well, if it's inadvertent, you don't know it," notes Michael Schwartz of the Free Congress Foundation. There's no way a businessman can foresee every possible contingency for every different conceivable type of disability. Yet the penalty is $50,000 for the first offense.

Probably the most egregious example of the ADA's legislative overkill is the burdens it would impose on the transportation industry. The cost of outfitting all new inter-city busses with wheelchair lifts and accessible restrooms has been estimated as between $200 million and $666 million, or four to 13 times the annual profits for the entire industry. "It would be cheaper to provide them all with a driver," says Schwartz.

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The Senate Judiciary Committee unanimously approved the bill despite the serious problems with it. The fact that the White House came out in support of the ADA almost immediately has made it especially hard for Republicans in Congress to oppose it. Even the business community, which is extremely concerned about its impact, refuses to openly oppose the measure.

The problem is that everyone is afraid to come out against any proposal if it is presented as helping the disabled. This fear was enough to bring everyone in Washington, including the Administration, in line behind the ACLU on the ADA.

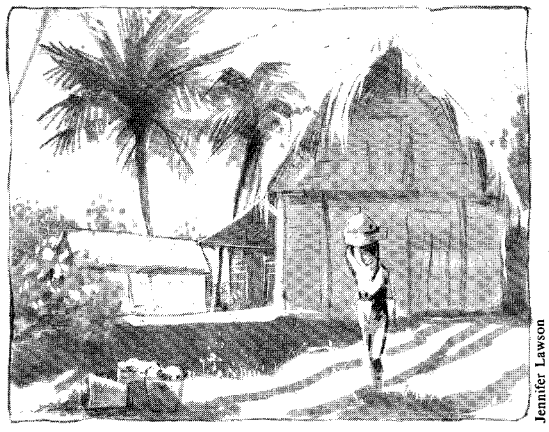
There is a second factor at work, too. "Most members of Congress haven't even read the bill. They don't have a clue as to what's in it," says one Hill source. Ignorance and fear may be enough to gain the passage of the most disruptive piece of civil-rights legislation in our history.

Little Priest, Big General

SELDEN RODMAN

PORT-AU-PRINCE—By the time I had managed to arrange an hour's talk with President Prosper Avril on August 17, the last day of my ten-day in Haiti, I was already more impressed by what he had managed to achieve during his 11 months in office than I ever expected to be. Not economically, to be sure; for Haiti's climb from the dpeths of stagnation in the three years of coups and counter-coups that followed the ouster of the Duvalier dynasty has been painfully slow. Nor has the donation of American wheat helped much. The Haitian *gourde* is constantly losing value on the black market. The roads and streets are deeply potholed. Bridges—including one of the main roads connecting the capital with Pétionville, where almost all the businessmen and government employees live—have been washed out. Industry in the capital—there is little industry anywhere else—is on hold. Yet the reduction in the drug trade is obvious. Since the poisoning of drug czar Colonel Jean-Claude Paul last winter, flights into the airfield at Jacmel have ceased, and crack is no longer hawked openly on the streets. Law and order reigns in the streets, with no military presence noticeable. Improvement in the political climate since my previous visit five months ago is almost miraculous.

I had my first taste of it when I went to talk with Pere Aristide, the torching of whose chapel on September 11, 1988, led to the ouster of General Henri Namphy six days later. Aristide is one of the liberationist priests who, by stirring up popular demonstrations against Namphy's rule, at once hounded him and, ironically, give him the excuse to call off the elections scheduled for November 1987. In return, Aristide was hunted relentlessly for months by Namphy's troops and their Tonton Macoute allies until his chapel was burnt down and he himself went into deep hiding. It was reported at the time at the time that he was speechless with shock, and sustained by Valium, after the assault on his Don Bosco church, during which 15 of his flock were butchered.



Jennifer Lawson

The ensuing 11 months under General Avril have made a big difference to Aristide. Not only did I find him in good health and living a few blocks from the National Palace, unguarded and reasonably optimistic; he was providing food and shelter for a hundred of the district's neediest and giving free lectures for all who would attend, with blackboards and mimeographed instruction manuals in creole, French, and Spanish.

They call him "Titide" (Little Aristide) but he is not really that small. Five-foot-four or -five, with a neat mustache, he was wearing tinted glasses, a spotless sport-shirt, and jeans. Since his English, one of his five languages, was better than my French, we spoke in that language. I asked him whether he had read Amy Wilentz's *The Rainy Season*—in which he is the hero, the American presence in Haiti being the villain. Not surprisingly he was happy with it; indeed, he had already distributed 12 complimentary copies among his friends.

Not that the dissident priest has any heroic pretensions. He suffers rather from guilt over those who fell in the massacre a year ago, enabling him to escape. But as a good Marxist Aristide expresses no gratitude to General Avril for the freedom in which he now operates. He scorns elections, and regards official America (the Embassy and its AID programs) as the root of all evil. To the question of what Haiti needs most for its development, he answers: "*Not* development, but change of structure: peasant communes, labor unions. Haitians are slaves. Better that they have no jobs at all! Let the factories go." I asked him if there could be any circumstances in which he would *not* urge his followers to boycott the next election. "Yes. If they arrest Claude Raymond [former Army commander under Duvalier], Clovis Desinor, and the Macoute leaders still at large. If the United States really wants to help us, it should demand trials of all those criminals, *before* an election, not after; General Avril included. Haiti needs justice, not money."

I asked Aristide what his present relations with the Catholic hierarchy were. "The Church refuses to rebuild St. Jean Bosco because it doesn't want my parishioners to be part of the Church. They might make trouble."

What about the charges that he is anti-American? "I make a distinction between the American Government and its people. The government means imperialism. Food means death for us. When they give us food they destroy our agriculture. Why did they

Mr. Rodman has written several standard books on Haiti, most recently Where Art Is Joy.

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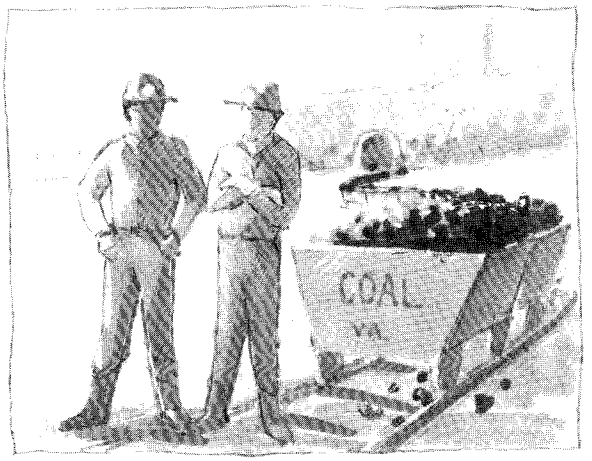
kill our black pigs, knowing the white replacements couldn't survive here? They wanted to drive the peasant into this overcrowded city where he would be forced to work in American industries at very low wages. The solution for the peasant is not to plant trees but to get land."

Not to plant trees? In a deforested land whose topsoil (what's left of it) leaves Haiti every time it rains to join the ocean? It was not enough to remind Pre Aristide that the black pigs, carriers of swine fever, *had* to be destroyed. The symbolism was too unnerving. But I was happy to learn from an OAS agronomist that night that those effete white pigs the peasant can't afford to feed are acclimating, so that their next generation will forage in garbage just the way their black brethren had done.

Aristide has one great advantage over President Avril. No matter how left-wing-Marxist his ideology may be, the little priest is respected and even loved by the Haitian masses. He was prepared to die rather than compromise. Prosper Avril, thus far, speaks only for the army; and even in the army, he knows, power must be shared with the NCOs who put him where he is. His Duvalierist past makes him suspect—perhaps unjustly, because his present tolerance of dissent, his effective offensive against drugs, and his willingness to take advice from the United States makes him a potential ally of the Bush Administration. He deserves our support. And if he does not receive substantial help, we may be froced to choose between a doctrinaire priest and the hard core of an army whose brutalities under General Namphy came close to provoking revolution.

The New Dominion

ROBERT G. HOLLAND



Jennifer Lawson

RICHMOND—Virginians will be electing either a black Democrat or a fairly conservative Republican their governor this November. Viewed against the backdrop of an unlamented Southern past—in which the winner of the (all-white) Democratic primary was automatically the winner of the election—either result will stand out in sharp New South relief. Republican strivings, however, have fallen outside the national media spotlight that has been trained on the prospect of Virginia's having the nation's first elected black governor.

The wearer of that mantle is the 58-year-old lieutenant governor, Lawrence Douglas Wilder. Wilder is a grandson of slaves; forty years ago, he waited on tables at all-white watering holes here in Richmond. He recalls without apparent bitterness that white men told "Negro jokes" as if he were invisible. Twenty years ago he became the first black since Reconstruction to be elected to the Virginia Senate; during his tenure there, he became a respected denizen of that establishment bastion.

The Republicans' champion, meanwhile, bears no resemblance to the sacrificial lambs of the GOP's Old South days. Indeed, John Marshall Coleman, 47, has an excellent chance to achieve both a personal and a party comeback by defeating Wilder on November 7. Elected the state's first (and to date only) Republican attorney general in 1977, Coleman lost the gubernatorial race to Chuck Robb in 1981, a defeat that ended a 12-year GOP hold on the governor's office that had begun after the crackup of Harry F. Byrd's conservative Democratic organization.

The comeback began slowly: as of this January, Coleman trailed former U.S. Senator Paul Trible by 31 points in the three-way GOP primary. But Coleman's fortunes brightened as he succeeded in establishing his conservative credentials.

He has not really changed since his first entry into politics, but the Virginia scene has changed a great deal around him. With his roots in the mountain-valley tradition of moderate Republicanism, Coleman garnered one-third of the black vote in his 1977 election as attorney general. That did not endear him to the Old Guard. He further tarnished himself in their eyes by blasting his well-respected Democratic foe, a conservative, for supporting the state's policy of "massive resistance" to integration in the 1950s (a policy which, in those sad times, few politicians dared oppose).

Although a few detractors still harbor suspicions that Coleman is a crypto-liberal, his conservatism palpably jelled during the 1980s. In his 1981 gubernatorial campaign he aligned himself strongly as a Reagan Republican, and, what's more, he remained a faithful Reaganite during the lean years that followed his loss to Robb. In his upset victory over Trible in this year's primary, Coleman received the avid support of such Reaganites as William Bradford Reynolds and Charles Cooper, late of the Justice Department, and of Richard V. Allen, former national security advisor. Reagan himself will stump for Coleman this fall, beginning with a fundraiser later this month.

During this campaign, Coleman has sharpened his conservative stances in ways that, polls suggest, are striking responsive chords in the Old Dominion. For example, Coleman has championed tuition tax credits and vouchers in education, and he has opposed compulsory statewide sex education. He has taken the read-my-lips, no-new-taxes pledge (George Bush will also campaign for him this fall), and has hammered hard on drugs and crime, advocating the death penalty for drug kingpins and boot camp for youthful offenders.

Wilder, too, has tried to move to the right, but, although he was never a Jesse Jackson clone, his ideological

Mr. Holland works on the editorial page of the Richmond News-Dispatch.

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The Washington Times THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1989 /

BOOK REVIEW / Terence Jeffrey

Buckley, neatly woven

How's this for a sound bite: "The answer is, if the present world — the cosmos as it exists now, right now — is merely a *possible* cosmos, and everyone — I don't think anyone would say that the world cannot be otherwise than it is. And what can be otherwise than it is also is capable of not being at all. And if the present cosmos, being capable of being otherwise than it is, is also capable of not being at all, then *at this very moment*, unless *something* caused its existence in the sense of preventing it from being reduced into nothingness, nothingness would take its place. And so at this very instant, and at every instant in time in which the cosmos exists, without beginning or end, an exnihilating cause is operative. The act of God is that required cause, not in the sense of *initiating* the existence of the world, but *in preserving* it in existence. I think I learned more from Question 104 of the *Summa Theologica* than any other, in which Thomas explains that God's preservation of the cosmos is creative."

Now test your cultural literacy. The above was a guest's answer to a question posed by TV talk show host: (a) Mort Downey Jr., (b) Phil Donahue, (c) Ted Koppel, (d) Tom Braden, (e) Geraldo Rivera, (f) William F. Buckley Jr.

Got it right, did ya? Well, then answer this one: Considering that the incorrect answers listed above have lately been competing for dominance of American television with NBA basketball, Roseanne, and Dan Rather live from the CBS satellite dish atop a Beijing hotel, why is it that our Creator continues to be so utterly catholic in his exnihilations?

Terence Jeffrey is an editorial writer for The Washington Times.

ON THE FIRING LINE
By William F. Buckley Jr.
Random House
$22.50. 533 pages

One must surmise from "On the Firing Line," a book composed of excerpts from William F. Buckley Jr.'s television program neatly woven together by his personal notes and asides, that Mr. Buckley believes the answer is that the God of creation is a God of hope. As "On the Firing Line" makes clear, this faith gives Mr. Buckley a special wit and optimism in dealing with lost causes ranging from John Kenneth Galbraith to George McGovern to Timothy Leary to G. Gordon Liddy.

It also gives him a special talent, completely unique in the world of broadcast punditry, to popularize the evangelical epiphanies of a Charles Colson or a Malcolm Muggeridge. Or, as per the quotation at the head of this column, the Thomistic perambulations of a Mortimer Adler.

Nitpicking right-wing hacks and punchdrunk ideologues have criticized Mr. Buckley in recent years for various perceived apostasies and sins of omission: He questioned the standing narcotics statutes. He tergiversated on the Panama Canal Treaty. He wasted his time on trivial pursuits like best-selling novels and sailing adventures. Such folks should read "On the Firing Line." It will not only remind them what this man has meant to the conservative cause, but also might stir in their minds a renascent sense of what conservatism fundamentally is.

Non-conservatives who approach the book gratuitously should be forewarned. Though "On the Firing Line" is as reader-friendly as Mr. Buckley's novels and sailing journals, as one journeys through its eloquent disputations, an undercurrent gradually draws one deeper and deeper into an appreciation of the author's basic presuppositions. In the end, the reader might even feel inspired.

The book is not a compendious encyclopedia of public issues and how they were debated by right and left over the past 20 years. But it does present a nice cross section of thought on "big issues" like the struggle against communism, the fate of democracy, race relations and economic justice. And as on the TV program itself, in his book Mr. Buckley takes the care and courtesy to allow his opponents the space to present their cases fully. There are passages where Mr. Buckley is bested and admits it.

Relatively early in the book, Mr. Buckley introduces Jean-Francoise Revel, the French intellectual whose 1984 book "How Democracies Perish" is viewed by Mr. Buckley as an updated version of the thinking of the late Whittaker Chambers and James Burnham, two former National Review editors. Mr. Revel tells Mr. Buckley that the West is losing to communism "because we never learn. We are faithful to an assumed — an alleged — international law whose definition goes back to Yalta or Helsinki which the Soviets simply do not respect; do not implement."

As the book progresses, Mr. Buckley gently refers the reader back to Mr. Revel's trenchant thinking each time he passes a "Firing Line" guest who has isolated a Revelian dilemma (James Michener, Theodore White, Margaret Thatcher) or who personifies one (William Sloane Coffin).

With the recent massacres in Beijing and the mass confusion as to whether or not Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev is a communist, this makes compelling reading.

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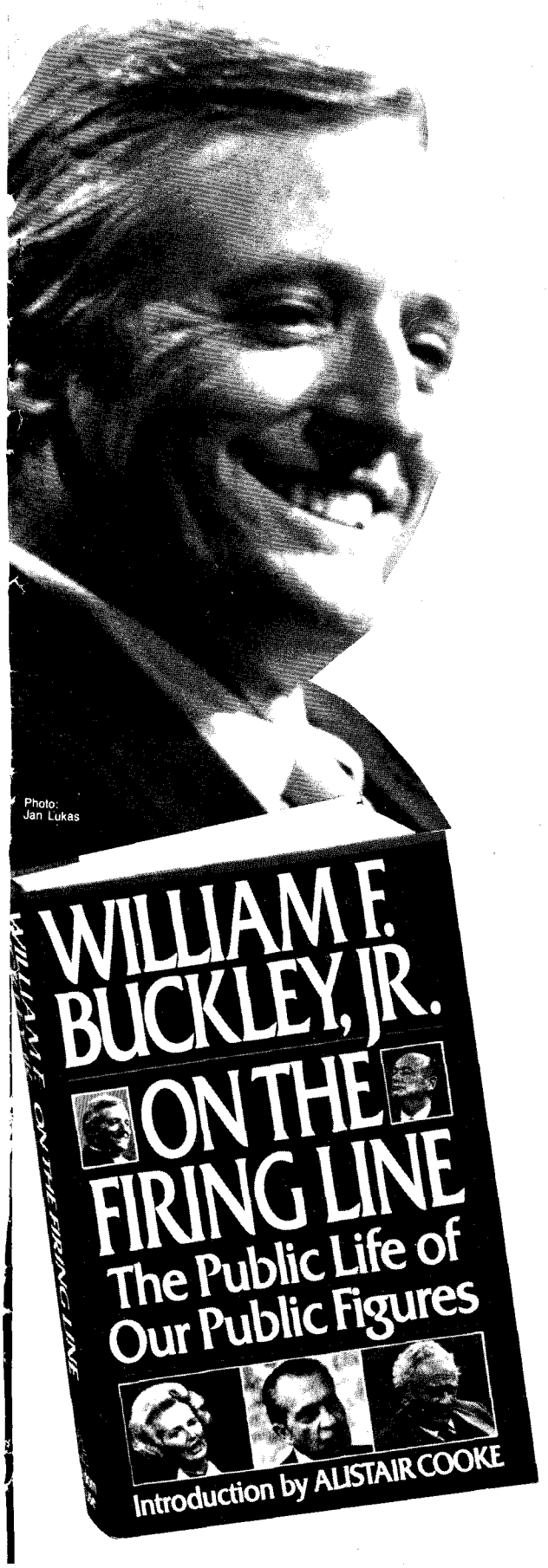
opy of this important new book.



"What makes this unlike any other book is Mr. Buckley's remarkable running commentary, which sustains a continuous critique of opposing attitudes and adds sharp, often funny scenes about the social aftermath of the show." **—Alistair Cooke (from his introduction)**

"Historically valuable . . . Its witty and learned discourses on the issues of our time make wonderful reading." **—Walter Cronkite**

"If you can put down William F. Buckley Jr.'s new book, *On the Firing Line*, you are better than I, my friend." **—Larry King**
"Larry King's People"—USA TODAY

"If you enjoy literary karate chops, delivered with elegance, this book is for you. Dullness is the one sin for which there is no expiation." **—Jack Valenti**
LOS ANGELES TIMES

". . . *On the Firing Line* remains both a stimulating intellectual entertainment and a useful compendium of a masterly debater's skills." **—Christopher Lehmann-Haupt**
NEW YORK TIMES

". . . The real pleasure of this work [*On the Firing Line*] is Buckley's artful commentary in which he illustrates 'manifest evasiveness' in some of his guests and 'fine reasoning' in others. Delightful and challenging reading." **—LIBRARY JOURNAL**

"A work not to be missed by anyone fascinated with the world and those who play leading roles in it." **—Sherm Strickhouser**
PROVIDENCE, R.I., JOURNAL

"*On the Firing Line* is nothing short of a scintillating collection." **—Rodney Stevens**
THE STATE, COLUMBIA, S.C.

"Vintage Buckley, sure to preach to the converted and outrage the skeptical, executed with maximum charm." **—The Kirkus Reviews**

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RIGHT DATA

Capital Ideas

Can cutting capital-gains taxes really help shrink the deficit? Even those who support the Administration's proposal to lower the top rate from 28 per cent to 15 per cent seem to think that the resulting pickup in revenues will be short-lived, lasting one to two years at the outside. Some are recommending that the tax cut itself be of limited duration in order to prevent a future loss of revenues. But the history of the last two tax-cutting episodes suggests this fear may be unjustified:

CAPITAL-GAINS REVENUES AND RATES

($ Billions)

	Capital-Gains Realizations	Tax Revenue	Maximum Tax Rate (%)
1977	$ 45.3	$ 8.1	49.1
1978	50.5	9.1	48.3
1979	73.4	11.7	28.0
1980	74.6	12.5	28.0
1981	80.9	12.7	23.7
1982	90.2	12.9	20.0
1983	119.1	18.5	20.0
1984	138.7	21.5	20.0
1985	168.6	24.5	20.0
1986	327.6	49.7	20.0
1987	144.0	32.9	28.0

In 1978 the Treasury Department's static tax model warned that cutting rates from 49.1 per cent to 28 per cent would reduce capital-gains tax receipts by about $2 billion. Instead, capital-gains revenues leaped by 44 per cent between 1977 and 1979. Both the 1978 and 1982 rate cuts were followed by sustained increases in both realizations and revenues, a trend which halted abruptly when the tax rate went up in 1987. The bulk of the new revenue came from upper-income taxpayers: total capital-gains realizations by those with incomes above $100,000 increased almost 700 per cent between 1978 and 1985, compared to a 120 per cent rise for those with incomes below $100,000.

Revenue forecasting has decidedly improved since 1978: Treasury now projects that capital-gains revenues in 1990 will be $4.8 billion higher under a 15 per cent rate than under the current 28 per cent rate, and that they will continue to rise, though more slowly, in subsequent years. While their tax model is no longer static, however, it still assumes that lower capital-gains rates would have no effect on stock prices, an assumption that October 19, 1987, should have put to rest.

The sensitivity of capital-gains revenues to tax rates reflects what economists call the "lock-in" effect. When tax rates are perceived to be high, taxpayers will delay selling appreciated stocks or other assets, in effect locking in the capital gains. Tax reductions, on the other hand, induce people to "unlock" their accumulated capital gains, producing higher tax revenues, at least temporarily.

But the fact that revenues continue rising for years after capital-gains rates are cut means that something more than just the unlocking of accrued gains is taking place. Investors are reinvesting the gains into new, higher-risk enterprises yielding a higher rate of return than the old investments. In effect, old wealth is being sold to create new wealth.

The ebb and flow of funds into venture-capital firms is often pointed to as evidence of this phenomenon: when capital-gains rates were increased between 1969 and 1977 the funds committed to venture-capital firms fell from $505.7 million to $68.2 million, while the subsequent rate reductions pushed investment in these small, growth-oriented enterprises up to $4.7 *billion* by 1986.

The capital-gains tax places a wedge between old and new investments; the newer, economically superior one has to earn enough to make the investor come out ahead after taxes, or no investment will be made (and no tax will be paid). Society loses when tax considerations prevent the investor from switching from his current investment to a more productive one. —ED RUBENSTEIN

journey began late and has had to stretch so far as to strain credibility. Coleman, in fact, has challenged him to name one significant issue on which he has not done a complete about-face since 1985, when he was a state senator representing an inner-city district. Wilder has flip-flopped on the death penalty, life sentences without parole, parental consent for a minor's abortion, and stiffer sentences for gun-wielding felons, all of which he once opposed but now professes to favor.

"The rhetoric is conservative, but the record is wilder," puns Coleman.

"I've changed; the state has changed," retorts Wilder.

Like Representative Jim Courter in New Jersey, Coleman has taken some hits for his right-to-life position. But right-to-work may be a more dangerous minefield for Wilder than right-to-life is for Coleman. Right-to-work has long been an article of faith for Democrats and Republicans alike in Virginia. Wilder, touring the traditionally Democratic coal fields of southwest Virginia, departed from this tradition by signaling his solidarity with United Mine Workers strikers who are furious at Governor Gerald Baliles for sending state police to intervene in their dispute with Pittston Coal. But after Coleman strongly endorsed the Democratic governor's action, Wilder backtracked and said Baliles was right to send in the troopers. As a result, Wilder pleased both his natural union allies nor a suspicious Main Street.

At this writing, neither man appeared inclined to use race as a crutch or a cudgel. But if color remains, blessedly, a non-issue (except in *New York Times* dispatches), character could become a key one. Last month Wilder was bedeviled by allegations that he had evaded state financial disclosure requirements by shielding controversial real-estate holdings in a trust of which he was sole beneficiary. Coleman, known for his tenacity, was not any likelier than a pit bull to let go of such a juicy morsel.

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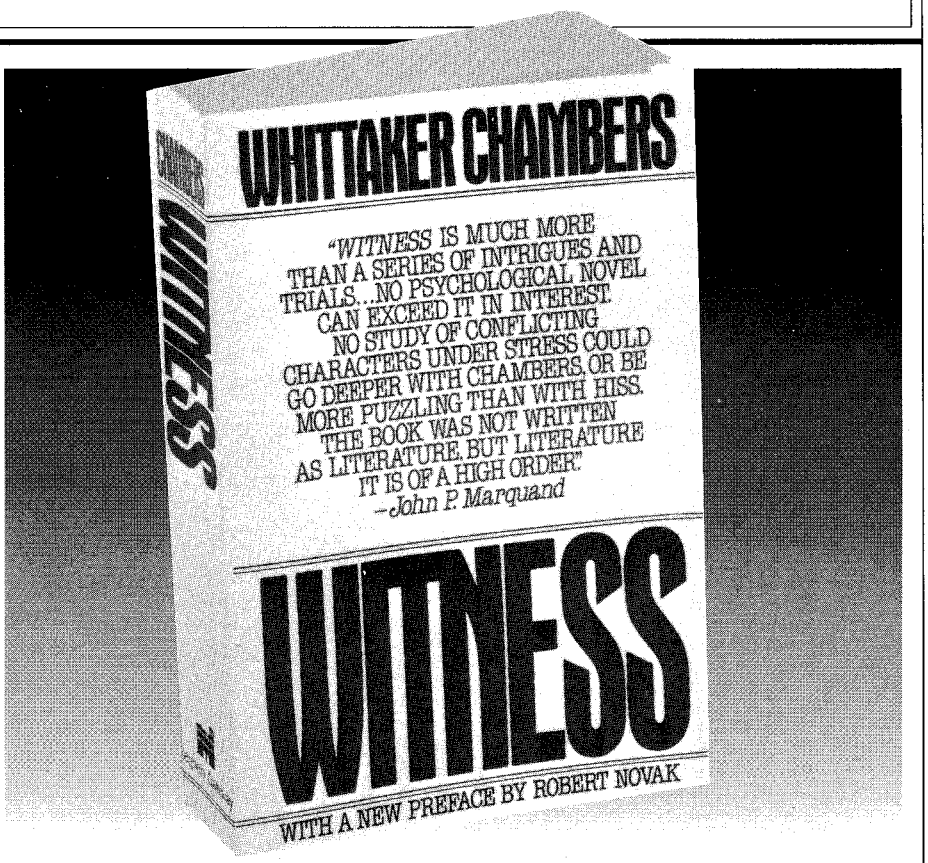
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Speaking in Latin Tongues

The Protestantization of Latin America is a most phenomenal phenomenon, changing lives by the million, all but unnoticed north of the border. One thing it is not is a euphemism for gringo imperalism.

DAVID MARTIN

For some while anthropologists, and sociologists interested in religion, have known that something almost entirely unexpected is happening in Latin America. Suddenly the great Catholic continent, home of almost half the Catholics in the world, is swarming with evangelicals, above all with Pentecostals. For three centuries Latin America was out of bounds for Protestants. Even when they were allowed in on sufferance they were tucked inconspicuously under the wing of liberal anti-clericals. Clearly they were a sort of appendage to the liberal idea which would wither away when proper revolutionary mobilizations got under way. Time and social evolution could be relied upon to empty their back-street chapels.

Nothing of the sort has happened. It is clear that over the last few decades social evolution has turned whimsical—and not only in Latin America. The Protestant revolution now occurring is a massive shift in people's identifications and in their priorities. The poor and the fairly poor have created a free market of faiths in which rival organizations compete for survival. These organizations offer services and demand personal commitment. What they offer is participation, a healing of body and soul, and a network of mutual support. What they demand is discipleship and discipline, at work, in the family, and in the church. Suddenly it looks as if Max Weber might be alive and well and living in Guatemala City. According to the *New York Times*, the Protestant constituency in Brazil alone probably amounts to some 25 million people.

Of course, Brazil is a special case. Historically the Catholic Church in Brazil was coopted by the state, which conscientiously hollowed it out from the inside. When Rome recovered control of the Brazilian Church, it had to draft in thousands of foreign priests, which gave Catholicism an alien accent. But now the special cases are multiplying till they look more and more like a norm. Chile is clearly a very special case. So is Guatemala and, for that matter, most of the Central American republics. Even Nicaragua is unexpectedly turning into a special case; it has a burgeoning evangelical population of 15 to 20 per cent. For a long time Argentina looked as if it might be graced with immunity, given the connection between ethnicity and religion fostered by vast numbers of European migrants. But since the ending of the dictatorship the graphs of conversion have started to rise dramatically. Even in the Andean republics Protestantism nibbles at the edges: perhaps a million in Peru, and over a million in Colombia; there are over three hundred rival denominations active in Bolivia. The native Quechua peoples, so numerous in the Andes, are very clearly vulnerable to evangelical conversion—as well as to conversion by Witnesses, Mormons, Adventists, and Bahais.

The remarkable fact is that in the course of a generation or so, one Latin American in ten has become an evangelical "believer," most likely a Pentecostal. In many parts of the continent, active committed evangelicals are as numerous as active committed Catholics. So massive a switch was about as likely as the radicalization of the Catholic Church. Yet that too has come about, at least in some countries. Some people have even suggested a connection between these two incredible developments.

If the Protestant revolution is incredible, so too is the way it has been ignored. There are numerous individual and localized studies, but no general account—although my forthcoming *Tongues of Fire* attempts to address this need. The classic studies by D'Epinay and Willems are nearly a generation old. If the theories didn't predict the revolution, then clearly the mere accumulation of fact is not enough to substantiate it. The phenomenon is phenomenal but remains massively invisible, stolidly unreal.

Nobody acquainted with the mandatory skew of percep-

Mr. Martin is a professor of sociology at the London School of Economics and Elizabeth Curlock University Professor of Human Values at Southern Methodist University. His new book, Tongues of Fire, *is due out from Blackwell this fall.*

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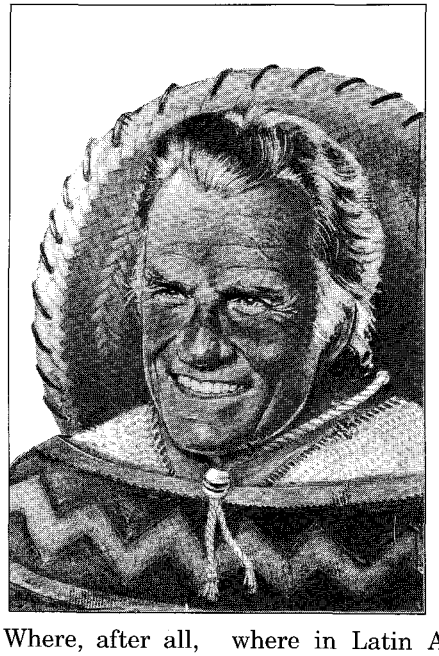
tion in the social sciences need be surprised. It has, after all, been possible to write books about Latin America which totally elide the existence of the Roman Catholic Church, let alone Protestantism. Most of the cognoscenti have regarded religion as a miasma rising up from more real phenomena, so why waste time on illusory outward forms when you can go straight to the underlying political and social substance? Even the encyclopedias do not count the continuing presence of the churches in Latin American societies as providing recordable "Knowledge." Like T. S. Eliot's famous cat Macavity, they simply are "not there," even when they are patently active in the acknowledged reality of politics. Such are the partitions set up in the house of the intellect that it is possible for a phenomenon to be simultaneously invisible and the object of ferocious public debate. In the course of my researches, I encountered most of the ferocious debate in Latin America and most of the invisibility elsewhere.

I first noticed the film of invisibility when traveling with other social scientists in a bus in Guatemala. In Guatemala City you can hardly fail to notice the number of public buses decorated with evangelical texts. Close to the tall iron tower commemorating the 1871 liberal revolution are a converted cinema with "*Jesus salva*" on its marquee and the tent-like structure of an independent church called Verbo. As you trundle and bump through the barrios there is a storefront church every two or three hundred yards: Calvary, Jerusalem, Bethesda, Galilee, Tabor, Ebenezer, Prince of Peace.



The voluble guide assigned to our tour informed us that 66 per cent of Guatemalans were Catholics, but not even the sheer oddity of this figure stirred the antennae of the academics. Where, after all, was the other third? And where had the controversial evangelical President Rios Montt come from? Of course, some people in the bus were concentrating on volcanic ash and some on guerrillas, but it did begin to strike me that Thomas Kuhn was right about paradigms: implicit theory rules by staying implicit and so not revealing what it conceals. A plane journey over the mountains to El Petén should have been an eye-opener: dozens of texts on the exteriors of the ramshackle huts. I do not believe that anyone remarked on it. If those actually seeing the phenomenon do not note it then the reaction of British colleagues back home is hardly surprising. "A book on Latin American Protestantism?" queried the Regius Professor. "A very small book, surely?"

On the other side of the partition from invisibility is ferocious contention. When I visited Merida in the Yucatan I was immediately asked, "Whose side are you on?" Benevolent neutrality hardly seemed to be one of the options. A hospitable Mexican anthropologist kindly took me to Chichen Itza and then to the nearby Protestant village of Xochenpiche. The existence of a completely Protestant village was itself instructive: conversions often occur by whole families or by social segments falling away, rather than by individual decision. The first thing we saw in the village was the Catholic church, with doors locked and roof fallen in, as desolate as an early-Christian ruin in Syria or Nubia. A short distance away was a neat little dispensary called "Bethesda" and a rather nicely ordered village green with shaded stone seats. In the center of the village a Presbyterian bible school stood quietly in the shimmering heat and, most amazing of all, a chapel painted in pastel colors which had strayed straight out of the landscape of Presbyterian/Methodist Wales. Here, in this remote Maya margin of Mexico, was the clearest possible reminiscence of the Celtic margin of Britain. However, the distaste of my friendly anthropologist was very evident. "I do not like to see it," he confessed. I was given to understand that the souls in the village had been bought not so much by Jesus Christ as by American money, agricultural knowhow, and facilities.

There is, as it happens, much more to it than money and clinics, as I found out when I visited the Girls' Bible School in Merida. Sixteen-year-olds tumbled across the threshold to sing spiritual songs to me in Mayan and Spanish, to the accompaniment of a small guitar. After the reminiscence of the Welsh chapel came this startling transposition of a Welsh chapel choir. Clearly the message is spread by popular music. And it also offers roles and opportunities to young women. I was told that next day the girls would be out together in the villages singing—and preaching. I was given to understand that the words were soundly Presbyterian but the tunes were on permanent loan from the Pentecostals.

The pastor then handed me his most potent weapon: his translation of the psalms into the Mayan tongue. Everywhere in Latin America there is a connection between saving souls and salvaging languages. From Chimborazo to Cotopaxi to Popocatapetl people's hearts are stolen away by messages sung and spoken in the vulgar tongue. You can find the same happening all along the coast of West Africa, in the interior of the Philippines, and among remote tribes in Southeast Asia and India. It is part of a worldwide process of making orthographies, grammars, and ethno-histories, which simultaneously salvages part of the infinite variety of human speech and transmits messages of inner transformation. Yet even this has become a matter of violent controversy. Once you interest native Latin American peoples in literacy and offer them contacts and means of communication, you also open them up to wider worlds, to Spanish, and even maybe to the depredations of "internal colonialism" and divided loyalties. That has been vigorously put down to the discredit of those concerned. And it is bound to be the case that opening up a culture introduces dangers as well as opportunities. But the missionaries for their part see no possibility of keeping peoples in permanent linguistic and cultural isolation. For them it is enough to say that no group has ever demanded a return to pristine isolation.

When I went to Rio de Janeiro I encountered more controversies. Certainly the journals showed signs of

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warm debate. It is true that one young scholar who had escaped from Brazil to Poland (sic) during the dictatorship referred to the remarkable courage and stamina of evangelical missionaries going to work under appalling conditions among remote tribes. But another scholar, an ex-priest, was less irenic, and plainly saw the followers of the new faith as deluded defaulters from the duty of political revolution, walking examples of false consciousness. The Pentecostals might be poor, but they were hardly in the *real* proletariat—just personal servants, craftsmen, day-laborers, nightwatchmen, small shopkeepers, people in transport . . . Before I had time to pursue my enquiries in detail, he said, "I suppose you believe the United States is a democratic country." To me it hardly seemed relevant, but to him it was clearly the symbolic focus of the whole issue.

My last research trip took me to Mexico City. Mexico City is, of course, one of the two or three largest conurbations in the world, and in 1986 it had a Protestant population of about 2.5 per cent—that is, something under half a million. Mexico as a whole had two and a quarter million evangelicals in 1980, concentrated in the southeastern states, and observers believe the number has since risen very rapidly. While in Mexico City I met a young Chicano, who had been trained as an anthropologist in Chicago, and had gone to Mexico to renew his roots in his father's native land. That might seem to provide him with impeccable credentials, but not as it turned out, sufficient to escape calumny. He had intended to carry out research on healers among Totonac Indians. But when he actually went to live with them he found the healers had turned into pastors and preachers of Sanidad Divina. Where the old spirits of Christo-paganism had once reigned was now a new and all-powerful Holy Spirit.

Taking this enforced change of subject in good part, he came across facts which turned out to be socially and academically unacceptable. The evangelicals had fought against exploitation practiced by coffee growers and had challenged the power of the creole middlemen. Finding themselves resolutely opposed in these endeavors they had joined the United Mexican Socialist Party. At that point information petered out because the army moved in. But as a result of his incautious attention to the truth the young anthropologist found himself labeled a CIA agent.

Another, more senior scholar, Jean Pierre Bastian, agreed that anthropologists burdened with findings of this sort might encounter problems. In his view some recent books on the subject inflamed nationalist feelings without in any way contributing to an understanding of why Indians might embrace this kind of radical, primitive Protestantism. He himself stressed the political variability and ambiguity of evangelical Christianity in Mexico. On the one hand there had emerged an urban Protestant network, with modern bureaucratic and technical facilities, which had strong North American links and often took a neo-conservative view. On the other hand were all kinds of spontaneous eruptions, evangelical or Adventist or Mormon, wherein people sought to revise their lives and find a distinctive and autonomous identity outside the structures in which they were encased. His own work had been mainly on the historical role of Protestantism in Mexico (as well as in Latin America generally) and it showed a Protestantism aligned with liberal Mexican aspirations and overlapping the vanguard of the Mexican revolution. Methodism, for example, had introduced a lay democratic spirit and brought facilities for self-improvement, as well as ferrying people across the turbulent waters between the old world of the countryside and the new world of railways and textile manufacture. Once again the link with the role of evangelical faith in the history of industrial change in Britain was quite clear. In the Yucatan I had stumbled across a Welsh Presbyterian chapel; in the environs of Mexico City I was now stumbling across a Methodist circuit doing exactly what it did in the North of England in the late nineteenth century. The social landscape once again seemed very familiar. All the resonators in my head were perfectly equipped to pick up these messages.

Yet I was conscious of a conflict, this time in myself. As a Briton I was ideally, yet awkwardly, placed both to "hear" the outrage of Hispanic cultural nationalism and to understand the kind of enthusiastic evangelical faith which encourages people to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. I could talk to an American missionary with a Scots name who had devoted his whole life to providing a hospital called La Esperanza, and the hope to go with it. I could talk to cultural nationalists alarmed at the hollowing out of their inheritance. Like the Pentecostals I became double-tongued; I used my lay Protestant ear in one conversation and my Catholic European cultural ear in another. I was a strange two-eared, two-tongued creature trying to be fair and above all to understand a faith "everywhere spoken against." I was walking, after all, along a San Andreas fault where the tectonic plates of two massive civilizations, the Anglo and the Hispanic, were passing into and over each other, and a certain amount of discomfort was only to be expected. Like the Hispanics I belonged to a great and ancient imperial civilization; like the Pentecostal preachers I was equipped with the demotic language of enthusiastic faiths.

When I talked over my research with a Puerto Rican writer I needed only my European Catholic cultural ear. She quickly characterized the arrival of Protestantism in Puerto Rico as one of many cultural invasions following on the economic and political aggression of the "Anglo" world against the Hispanic imperium. The Spanish-American war of 1898 had been the shameful conclusion of successive conflicts, and Protestantism in Puerto Rico, as well as in Cuba and the Philippines, was part of the cultural thrust designed to complete the political take-over. Of course, this is patently true and it is a strategic and central part of my own argument: the contemporary Protestant crossing of the Rio Grande del Norte *is* part of the long-term clash of two major world civilizations.

And yet this patent truth is only half true. If you read Sidney Mintz's *Worker in the Cane*, he presents there the sense of transformation experienced by those Puerto Ricans caught up in the Pentecostal movement. He shows people crippled by personal defeat, by guilt and by disease, suddenly restored and in their right mind. They leave a Catholicism reduced to one or two external markers, to godparenthood and the fiesta, and they enter an active, lively, and confident community. They may also learn how to speak, lead, and organize, skills which they can

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transfer to other more secular contexts. Alex Westfried's *Ethnic Leadership in a New England Community* illustrates just how that training and experience may find outlets in communal leadership. It also illustrates how discipline stabilizes and energizes the family so as to help its members become good citizens and acquire professional status. Evangelical conversion may well stimulate migration to the U.S., and once there may make easier the transition to American culture. Indeed, this is one of the great themes of the sociology of religion: the role of conversion and dissent not only in helping people pick themselves up but in setting them on the move. As the evangelical and radical Scots-Irish made their way to America in the early eighteenth century, so evangelical Hispanics make their way today. Radical, primitive Christianity really is a *movement*, and belongs to societies

He said, 'I suppose you believe the United States is a democratic country.' To me it hardly seemed relevant, but to him it was clearly the symbolic focus of the whole issue.

on the move. Controversy such as I have described will follow any such movement, and widely different estimates of its value and meaning will be entertained. In Jamaica, for example, I was particularly conscious of the social ambiguity of evangelical Christianity, more especially Pentecostalism. Of course, in Jamaica Pentecostalism is not lese-majeste against Hispanidad. There is no Catholic monopoly to be undermined but only an oligopoly of the older historic Protestant and Anglican churches. Indeed, the situation resembles that found in West Africa, and in South Korea for that matter. At one moment you are told about the naive colonialism of visiting American evangelists with an air of amused deprecation; and at another you are courteously introduced to a Pentecostalism feeding on a native tradition of syncretic revivalism and drawing sustenance from long African roots. What the observer finds most fascinating in Jamaica is the way the historic churches self-consciously strive to be part of the Jamaican cultural scene, while Pentecostalism becomes so quite un-self-consciously. It goes native in a trice, and relates to a level of spirited, animated religiosity preceding the arrival of historic Christianity.

In Jamaica, therefore, it seemed to me that the hostility I encountered in the countries of Hispanic tradition was muted. Religious pluralism and competition were, after all, established during three hundred years of British rule, and revivalism is an understood and natural part of ordinary experience. Appraisals could, for the most part, be relatively generous. One commentator emphasized the way in which Pentecostal preaching was based on spontaneous storytelling rather than abstract expositions. It is at the same time pre-literate and post-literate, most ancient and most modern.

In Jamaica I did not need to be double-tongued or use a European Catholic ear and then an ear tuned to an erupting demotic. There could be nothing inherently controversial about studying a movement which took over where Methodism left off, just as Methodism took over where Anglicanism left off. And if the Pentecostals were more inclined to Mr. Seaga than to Mr. Manley, that was just part of ordinary political choice, not part and parcel of pro-gringo treachery.

My most complicated ideological encounters came in the United States, and there I had—and have—to be ready with some very quick footwork indeed. I think the worst problems came with American liberals. Talking to American liberals I had, like Agag coming before the prophet Samuel, to "tread softly." My European Catholic cultural ear was useless and my demotic ear rendered equally useless, by the association of Pentecostalism with such as Jimmy Swaggart and the Bakkers. A librarian at Boston University plainly concluded I was a cognitive stray and waved me back to where I really ought to be, in liberation theology. I was suspected of the wrong sympathies in spite of not wobbling my hands in the air, and in spite of my patent inability to see the connection between accepting Jesus Christ and keeping a tight hold on the Panama Canal. More charitable friends indulged my idiosyncrasy by sending me items in the *New York Times* which at least proved my subject existed.

But I could see that a sympathetic treatment of the current religious option of the Latin American poor would do me no good. This time the poor deserved a wigging for taking the wrong option. Had I concerned myself with the burgeoning independent churches of Africa I would have been safe enough. They are known to be against ex-colonial religion. The trouble with the Pentecostals is that they are not only against the ex-colonial religion of Latin America, but can also be accused of alignment with the current colonialist religion of North America. The African independent churches and the South American Pentecostals are roughly equivalent in their origin and social role, but liberals set them in different ideological sights. As a result the African independent churches retain their liberal accreditation and the Pentecostals do not.

The trouble with American liberals, if I may make so bold, is that they are inclined to see everything in the world as the consequence of their own malign imperialism. They foster and entertain a delicious sense of power and guilt, such as was also entertained by Britons when they too had a lot of power to be guilty about. Yet I believe it is possible to exaggerate both American power and American guilt. I have had to put it to my American liberal friends, with appropriate circumlocution, that Latin American Pentecostals are running a very successful indigenous movement, and that they are able to do that without any American support whatever. Of course, they are to some extent drawn by images of betterment which have their major point of origin in the United States, but it is not clear to me why such aspirations should of themselves attract condemnation.

Naturally, if it *is* all due to the CIA, and if William Casey et al. have converted fifty million people to evangelical Christianity, then it must rank as one of the most extraordinary, not to say roundabout, intelligence operations in history, as well as one of the more

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Left-Wing Miracles

In his book, *Feet-on-the-Ground Theology*, we find Father Clodovis Boff, Catholic priest and prominent liberation theologian, deep in the jungles of Brazil, winning souls for Marxism. A woman asks him "to bless some saints' pictures she had gotten in the city. Why not? I was happy to bless them." Then she asked him to bless her mother's diseased foot. Again, Father Boff is happy to do so. He sees this as "a chance for different religious procedures to mesh together." He questions the idea that the priest should consider the witch doctor his rival. While Father Boff does not mind meshing with witch doctors, fundamentalist Protestants are another matter. Their progress causes him much annoyance, though he feels the Catholic Church can learn from these mushrooming denominations. "Protestants hold 'divine healing sessions' and the poor come in droves. It meets a real need on their part." The Left has learned that people's belief in miraculous religion does not need to be destroyed in order to produce correct (socialist) political thinking. In fact, people's faith in miraculous stories and prophecies from the Bible can actually be made to support socialist revolution.

The Latin American formula was an accidental result of a Vatican-backed program meant to address a severe and long-term shortage of Catholic priests (Brazil, for example, has only one priest for every ten thousand inhabitants). The Vatican became acutely concerned about this problem when Protestant churches (and Communist organizations) began to multiply throughout Latin America. The Vatican responded with an "emergency plan" which was designed to organize people into local groups ("Christian communities") and train lay leaders to lead these groups in prayer, Bible study, singing, and other worship.

Leftist priests—mostly European and U.S. missionaries—found it an unexpected opportunity. It allowed them to organize and gain control over isolated and ignorant poor people who were willing to believe almost anything the priests said. And since the priests were isolated from church and government authorities, they could teach practically anything.

The general strategy of the leftist priests is as follows: 1) Attract poor, uneducated people with the carrot of religious services and the stick of withholding them. 2) Train local lay leaders to conduct religious services and lead their people toward organized community action and political "conscientization" (consciousness-raising). 3) Organize the people to pressure government officials into providing services (water, electricity, etc.). 4) Awaken the people to larger social "realities," making heavy use of Bible passages to support socialist preaching. 5) Push people to join Marxist-controlled unions and political parties. 6) Cooperate with these unions and parties in efforts to weaken the existing government.

Father Boff offers a revealing perspective on this process. First, the poor people are informed that they must *earn* their baptisms. One "Christian community" failed to participate with sufficient enthusiasm in a political struggle to get the government to build a local road, and the project's coordinating team responded swiftly. It explained, "In order to be baptized and be a Christian, it is not enough just to take part in community meetings. You also have to take part in community struggles." The village came around. In another case, a sister explains to the community of Ilha and Guariuba: "Unless the community meets, Father and Sister aren't going to perform any baptism or marriage." (Although Father Roberto did confess to Father Boff: "I always feel very mixed up when I have to refuse someone a sacrament because of the regulations the church lays down, that they have to participate in the communities, and so forth.")

Here is Boff teaching the "keys for interpreting" the book of Revelation: "Revelation is the book of a *persecuted* people. It speaks of the Wild Beast and its followers oppressing God's children . . . But they don't give in. . . . And that victory eventually comes. . . . Revelation is a *political* book." He notes "how the children of the jungle find it convincing when you argue from the Scriptures. To say 'That's the word of God' is to present a proof that is plainly apodictic, irrefutable."

Boff's work was part of a regional program which occasionally held meetings of locally recruited lay leaders. At one meeting, he noted that twenty out of 55 had joined labor unions, mostly rural; membership in militant left-controlled unions is an important part of the "conscientization" process.

According to Harvey Cox, a Baptist theologian who has analyzed the Latin American scene with the aim of developing a more widely applicable formula, "One of the most prominent features of Latin American liberation theology now is its appreciation of the revolutionary potential of *religion popular*." He points out that an important liberation-theology magazine, *Servir*, devoted two double issues in 1981 to the role which devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe can play in gaining "liberation." The contributing scholars discovered that the Guadalupe had been used in Mexico's struggle against Spain and in César Chavez's farm labor union.

—DAVID LEE

Mr. Lee, a Christian who believes in miracles, is working on a book on this subject.

outrageously mysterious ways of Almighty God. It also severely damages prevailing models in the sociology of religion. We have, after all, studied several parallel movements like the African independent churches, the neo-Buddhist movements in Japan, the evangelical explosion in Korea, and they all seem explicable without invoking the omnipresence and omnipotence of American intelligence.

But what of my ideological encounters with American religious conservatives? Naturally enough my fluency in the religious demotic opened lots of evangelical doors, especially in Dallas, where many of the key organizations have their headquarters. But fluency in a language can have its difficulties. You may, after all, be invited to speak in tongues or else to join in passionate prayer from 5 A.M. to 8 A.M. Pentecostals—and the various independent

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churches, like the Church on the Rock—are "instant in prayer." Participant observation has its limits.

But at least American religious conservatives do not regard the subject as surprising or improper. It is entirely right to study the empirical manifestations of the coming Kingdom. That is precisely what evangelicals themselves do, planning the glorious future with proper business acumen and attention to technical detail and sophisticated technology. The "Church growth" experts have many theses piled up, for example, in Pasadena, California, statistically and analytically tracing the work of the Holy Spirit in Indonesia, or South Korea, or Ecuador. Such information is very useful, providing you do not blink too hard at the kind of statistics which record the expulsion of 36,437 demons or 7 people raised from the dead. Indeed, you may discover things you did not know, such as the existence of 707 plans to convert all humankind since A.D. 30, and further plans for the extension of the Kingdom until the arrival of universal megadeath. Here statistical science, futurology, and faith have come together in a typical American union and with a deadpan literalism that takes your European breath away.

The least trouble is given by a certain kind of American conservative atheist. A sociological friend of mine in this category—Professor X—thoroughly enjoys taking robust and rather wicked views. He has very clear and distinct ideas on the subject of evangelical expansion in Latin America. Evangelicalism, he says, is a social process and system of ideas calculated to turn South Americans into North Americans. Anything that turns the ideologically saturated, rhetorically vacuous, and generally lunatic Latins into neatly suited pragmatic Yankees is much to be applauded. It is another case of the cunning of sociological reason coaxing resistant cultures into the modern world. After all, if Calvinism helped the West turn the corner of capitalism, then Pentecostalism might well perform a similar service for Latin America. If the price is some rather unusual behavior, like waving your hands about and talking gibberish, so be it. Progress, like God, is notorious for working in mysterious ways and taking what look like indirect routes. I may add that British atheists have similar views. "Be the making of them," murmured the All Souls Fellow. "Best news I've heard for a long time," said the man at the London School of Economics. But stout-hearted certainties of Professor X make the equivocating Briton quail. And I have to comment that his view represents yet another half-truth, and one which has most to be said for it if you are talking about the Mormons. What is specially interesting about Pentecostalism is that it is truly indigenous and represents a Latin Americanization of American religion as much as a North Americanization of Latin religion. Indeed, some commentators see the authority exercised by the Protestant pastor as another version of *caudillismo* and the Protestant network of mutual support as operating within the age-old framework of clientelism. To go successfully native is to be in part subverted by your environment as well as, in part, to convert it. Subversion and conversion go together.

It might seem that American Methodists at least would respond positively to the idea that Methodism was alive and well and living under a new name in Guatemala City. Such was not the case; indeed, rather the reverse. I spoke to a lively Methodist group in North Dallas and had the impression that they wanted to repudiate any genealogy which linked them with the latest generation of hedge preachers. I cited several respected authorities who had stressed the Methodist-Pentecostal connection by way of American holiness movements in the late nineteenth century, but the response was quite restrained. I showed the way the old religious enthusiasms of the North American frontier, were now revived in the new religious enthusiasms of the South American frontier but I was not the bearer of good tidings. I would have encountered hearts "strangely warmed" had I gone in for stressing the relationship between early Methodist class meetings and the base communities of liberation theology. That would have been the good news; mine was the bad. The trouble is parents in their respectable maturity do not entirely welcome the untoward vigor of their progeny. Religions are as often committed to forgetting their origins as to conserving them. It was not my most successful evening.

Yet the long-term roots of the current upheaval in Methodism and ultimately in early industrial England are patent. As the wheels of England's industrial revolution turned, so the Methodist revolution turned in a parallel movement. The Methodist "circuits" corresponded to the social and geographical mobility generated by industrial society. The mutually supportive networks and fellowships of Methodism provided rafts of social and psychological support for navigating the most significant upheaval in history. And the "method" of Methodism engendered personal discipline and habits of work which paid off in industrial employment. What happened in England from 1760 onward has happened now in South America from 1960 onward. As Claudio Veliz has commented, there is a sense in which we all live in a world made in England two centuries and more ago. This is a case in point.

Religious voluntarism and religious competition in a free market in souls was invented in England even earlier than the mid eighteenth century—in the 1590s to be precise—and the most potent seeds of revivalism were sown in the North of Ireland in the 1630s. Both achieved their fullest realization in British North America and the United States. Methodism and evangelicalism generally took over and expanded those traditions, and likewise both achieved their fullest realization in the United States. So my argument is that what was invented in England and went into full cultural reproduction in the United States has now been successfully exported across the Rio Grande del Norte and finds its best market in Sao Paulo.

If I want to stand at the very beginnings of those vast changes I can do so either in the North of Ireland or else in London itself. Just north of the Thames, in what is known as "the City," is Aldersgate Street, where the Wesleyan revival of enthusiastic and participatory religion took place in May 1738. Just south of the Thames, in Southwark, between Shakespeare's Globe and the prison known as the Clink, there is an almost unreadable board put up to honor three men who died there in 1593 for the principle of independency and voluntarism in religion. I look at this board sometimes and stare across the turbid water, knowing that from this place and from that moment begins my subject and, for that matter, the United States of America.

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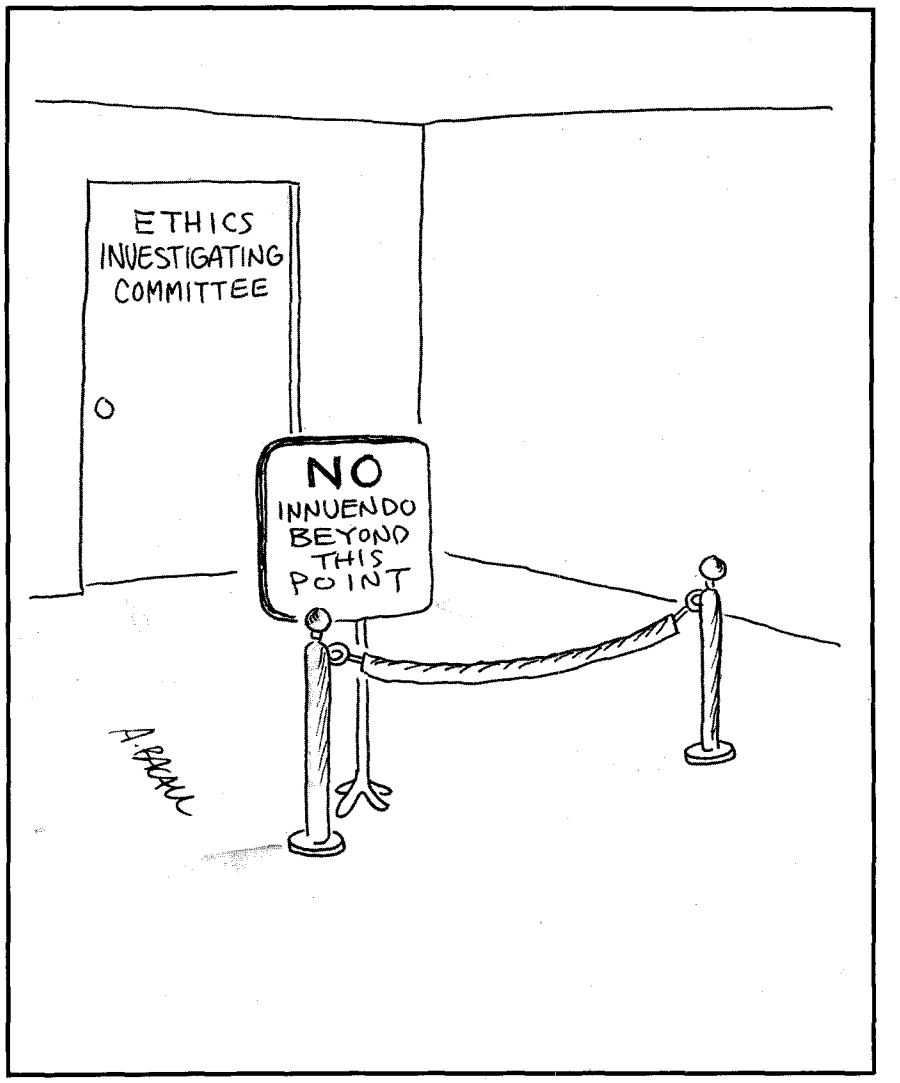
help!!!!

MANLEY Chicago Tribune
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TODAY IS: IT'S THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAY I DECIDED I WAS SICK OF HEARING ABOUT WOODSTOCK...
ELVIS! STILL DEAD
NEWS OF THE MOON
20 YEARS LATER
20 YEARS OF FABULOUS SIXTIES
Coke



Back to School

At Peking U., before the dorms
Fill up this fall with China's swarms,
The kids will have to hit the sack
For one year out on bivouac,
Where army brass will drill them on
Deportment as they munch won ton.

W. H. von Dreele

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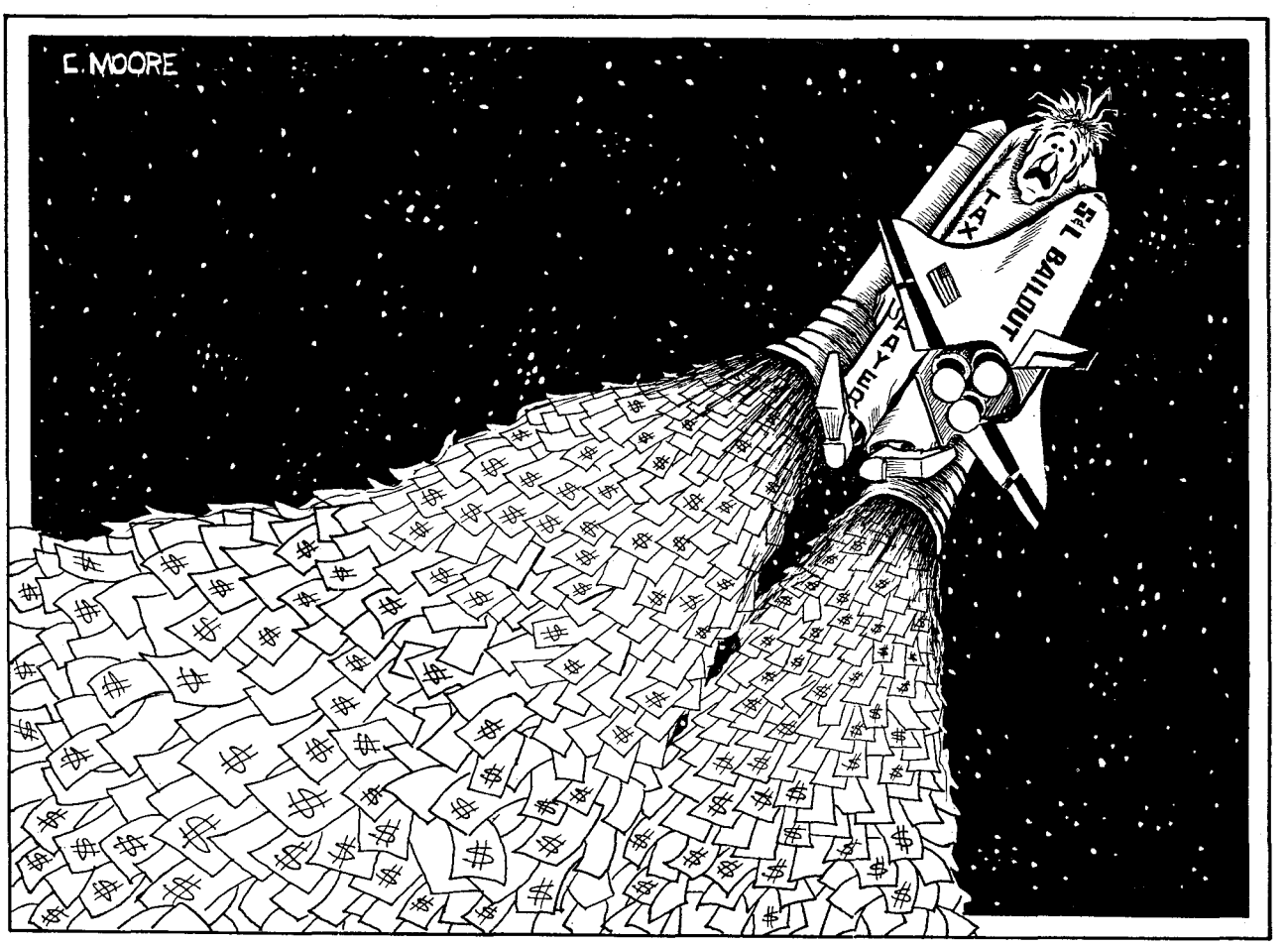
"DAMMIT, PIERCE, WHERE'S YOUR HONOR? THAT WAS A DEMOCRAT WHO HELPED HIMSELF."



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Strauss: Ein Heldenleben. Tilson Thomas and the London Symphony *(CBS Master.) 376780*

Ravel: Bolero; Rapsodie Espagnole; Ma Mere L'Oye. M.T. Thomas, London Sym. (CBS Master.) 376772

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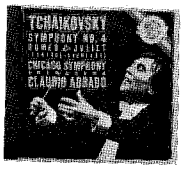

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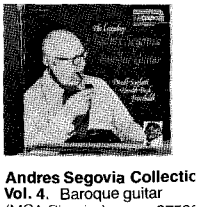

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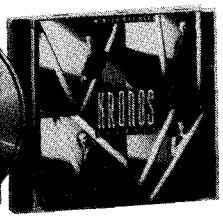

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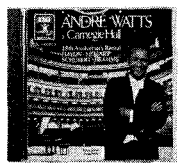

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Nobody Here But Us Democrats

A Polish emigre returns after eight years and finds a shockingly rigid class system, inflation on a Latin American scale—but not a single self-confessed Communist (even in Communist Party offices).

RADEK SIKORSKI

Warsaw—"No, not under Lenin!" Marcin Swiecicki recoils with disdain as I try to get an angle on him. We are alone in his office deep in the bowels of the Communist Party's Central Committee headquarters in Warsaw. The night porter had reluctantly torn himself away from watching *Miami Vice* dubbed in Polish to lead me through a labyrinth of halls, staircases, and corridors in this Stalinist monstrosity. The red flag above the building used to be famous for staying unfurled even in calm weather (a powerful fan created artificial wind for it). Now the Polish white and red has joined the Communist red.

Smart and brisk, Swiecicki is a young *apparatchik* full of brains and ambition. At 35 he is already a secretary of the Central Committee for the Economy. His job is to enforce Party policy on the state administration of industry. I walked into his office having got myself hired for the day as a photographer for an American newspaper. My cover is perfect. I chat with Swiecicki in colloquial Polish. He is off-guard. He speaks his mind to a dumb shutter-snapper.

"But aren't you a Communist?"

"No, I'm not a Communist."

"But you are one of the top leaders of the Communist Party!"

"It's *not* a Communist Party. It's called the United Workers Party and comprises two traditions, Communist and Socialist. [The Communists forcibly merged the two back in 1948 and purged the unorthodox from both.] I regard myself as a Social Democrat."

"So why do you have a portrait of Lenin on the wall at all? And what about these?" I point toward a long white row of books: 45 volumes on a shelf under the portrait—Lenin's collected works.

"I inherited the office only three weeks ago; haven't had a chance to clear them out."

"What about Marx?"

"Lenin, Marx, all that old stuff must go into the dustbin."

"Will you pose with this?" I point to the *Financial Times* on his desk. He beams.

Communists have changed their thoughts and talk as if they've been patriots all along. Old Party hacks don't defend Communist views but break into excuses for why they joined the Communist Party in the first place. The Party has already lost its leading role. Now it is quietly being pushed out of the workplace, and, under a Solidarity minister, Comrade Swiecicki will soon have nothing to do but read his *Financial Times*.

Every day some vestige of the old regime, some old taboo, disappears. A year ago displaying a Solidarity badge was a criminal offense. Today Solidarity's posters are everywhere. Its newspapers are on every stand, its spokesmen on every television talk show. After the parliamentary coup, Poland has a Solidarity prime minister.

It's a revolution here, but people are not celebrating. Several correspondents sent to Warsaw to cover the dancing in the streets have gone back without stories. The enthusiasm of the Solidarity revolution nine years ago has evaporated. The people are tired. Visiting Poland after eight years' absence I can see why. Coming back to my home town—an average industrial town known chiefly for its tear-gas factory—was like wandering onto a stage for a film about England circa 1948, when rationing was still in force. Women, overweight from bad food and prematurely aged from hard work and worry, wear old-fashioned clothes of the cheapest materials and wander morosely from shop to shop, from line to line, waiting hours to purchase basics. They were promised equality; they got varicose veins and a life of drudgery. Street-corner conversations I overheard concerned one subject only: how to make ends meet at the end of another month.

Currency has depreciated. A thousand zlotys used to be an average week's wage. Today a thousand-zloty tip would invite a sneer from the hotel porter. One-zloty coins are used as cheap buttons or as washers for plumbing. In eight years, prices have gone up by a factor of about a hundred, and dealing with accelerating inflation is not just a matter of adjusting what is charged. It imposes costs of its own. Public telephones have just been altered

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to accept only twenty-zloty coins, not the five- and ten-zloty, as these are already worthless. There are few coins of higher denomination, which the public phones are in any case unequipped to accept. Another couple of months of rising prices and the state telephone company will have either to continue accepting by-then-worthless twenty-zloty coins, losing most of its income, or refit every machine in the country with a new coin box, or withdraw the service. Each of those options would have an appalling effect on the economy.

Wages have not gone up a hundred times. Take Mrs. K., a friend of my parents, an architect's draftsman. Ten years ago her salary was 10,000 zlotys a month. Today she receives 26,000 zlotys retirement pay a month—26,000 zlotys, when a pair of shoes costs that much, when a cheap shirt costs 6,000 zlotys, a loaf of bread 350 zlotys, half a pound of butter 1,100, a kilo of apples 600, the rental on her flat 7,000 a month. She has a daughter at the university who likewise cannot survive on her state grant. How do they make ends meet? Most of the family silver has already been pawned; the china will be next. The average monthly salary is 100,000 zlotys, but the cheapest small Polish car, the Fiat 126, custom-made for midgets, costs six million zlotys (all these figures will be out of date by the time you read this—the Polish inflation rate is 150 per cent and rising fast).

Or take the A. family, who live in a state-run apartment building. When the older As moved into their studio apartment in the early 1960s, their 20′ x 20′ room was the envy of their friends. Then they had a son, only one, which meant that they never qualified for a bigger apartment—there were many more families much more squashed than they. Now the son has got married and his wife has joined them. The younger couple had a daughter last year. They still live in the 20′ x 20′ studio. They are still the envy of their friends. In a country where the waiting time for a flat is twenty (20!) years, young people think of one thing only: how to emigrate to the West. A million young Poles have left in the last decade alone. A reunion of those of my school friends who have remained in Poland would bring together only half of our class. Most of the rest live in Germany.

Universal prosperity has given way to equality in poverty as a socialist ideal, but, even coming from class-obsessed Britain, I was shocked at how unequal Polish society has become. It practices economic apartheid—a system of segregation based on access to dollars. The poor and the rich do not just buy different items in similar shops. They use different currencies. Dollar shops already existed in 1981 when I left, a couple of them in each city, but now Warsaw alone has over fifty and they mushroom even in small provincial towns. In the dollar shops you are efficiently and politely sold such luxuries as toilet paper, Western cigarettes, alcohol at below duty-free prices, jeans, and a host of reasonable-quality Polish items taken away from the zloty market. The majority who don't have dollars shop in the "normal" economy of shoddy goods, lines, rude service, and spiraling prices. The privileged class has earned itself a nickname, *wydeo*, derived from "video"—the premier status symbol in Poland. *Wydeos* live in villas, drive to shop at the Pewex, and watch satellite television. The dollarless majority live in half-finished apartment buildings, walk to join lines at empty zloty shops, and watch the dreadful state television.

No hotel employee in South Africa these days would dare to be as rude to a black as the Polish ones are to a countryman who is not thought to own dollars. When I asked for a room at the nasty Grand Hotel in Warsaw, speaking Polish, the receptionist barked, *"Nie ma"* (no rooms) and told me to move away. When I slapped down my foreign passport and a $20 bribe, he was obsequiously handing me the key within thirty seconds. He thought he recognized a *wydeo*. The relative difference between a Polish pensioner who wonders each morning whether to buy a half or a quarter of a loaf of bread and a *wydeo* is greater than that between a car- and house-owning working man in the United States or Europe and the Kennedys.

The reforms Mrs. Thatcher had to bring to Britain to reverse its decline were a mere tinkering by comparison with the shock cure Poland needs. The zloty is worthless. Industry is outmoded. The bureaucracy is senile. The environment is ruined. Most people waste their time in useless jobs. The country owes $39 billion to the West, on which the annual interest payment amounts to $3.5 billion. The private sector is only just germinating. Poland is an NUC, as the Poles themselves call it—a newly underdeveloped country.

In short, the Polish People's Republic Inc. has gone bust, and a team of liquidators under Tadeusz Mazowiecki, the Solidarity prime minister, will be trying to salvage what it can from the mess left by the previous management. Even the name is likely to change, to the pre-war Republic of Poland. The old crooks will no doubt be put on trial.

Left to itself Poland is in for a decade of unemployment,

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Fifty Years Later

Gdansk—It was at 4:45 A.M. on the first of September, 1939, at Westerplatte, a Polish enclave within the pre-war free city of Danzig, that the German cruiser *Schleswig-Holstein* fired the first shots of the Second World War. The Polish garrison of some 170 men was ordered to resist for 12 hours but, though surrounded by over three thousand Germans and pounded by heavy artillery, they fought for a week, killing over three hundred Germans for only 15 losses of their own. So impressed were the Germans by their bravery that General Friedrich Eberhardt saluted Major Henryk Sucharski, the capitulating Polish commander, and Sucharski was the only allied officer allowed to carry his officer's sword in captivity.

Dawn of the first of September, 1989, at Westerplatte was mostly less eventful. Dressed in standard-issue civilian clothes—grey suits, narrow leather ties, white socks, and identical briefcases—Polish security men poked every bush and checked every manhole around the monument to the heroes of Westerplatte in preparation for the arrival of the official guests. At 4:45 A.M. the wail of dozens of sirens traveled over the city. As darkness lifted the canal revealed a German ship, its decks painted green—but it was only a harmless Hamburg-registered commercial vessel unloading its cargo of grain. Soon it was light enough to see a thick blanket of industrial smog hanging over the city. The monument hill overlooked the Bay of Gdansk—so polluted that even the lax Polish health inspectors have banned bathing.

The story of the heroic defense of Westerplatte is known to every schoolchild in Poland, but few know of the tragic fate of its garrison after it capitulated. Of the 170 men who fought the first skirmish of the war almost certainly more died at Communist—Soviet and Polish—than German hands.

Captain Mieczyslaw Slaby—the doctor at Westerplatte—was murdered by the Polish political police in 1948. He was singled out as a counter-revolutionary for wearing a pre-war Polish eagle with a crown—though the crown was bent backward and out of sight. Several veterans were deported to Siberia, several more were persecuted. All ten veterans who have not been found to this day either alive or dead come from the Polish provinces now in the Soviet Union. Until recently many of the soldiers concealed their Westerplatte past.

I spoke to Julian Dworakowski, a young private at Westerplatte, now a sprightly septuagenarian, who fled from his POW camp in August 1940 and, walking by night through the forests of East Prussia, reached the Soviet zone of occupation. Arrested by the NKVD, tortured, he was about to be deported to Siberia, but regained his freedom when the Germans attacked the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941, and entered the town where he was kept.

What is also unknown is that many of the veterans—though now celebrated as heroes—are still fighting desperate battles, but these battles are with Communist officialdom. Of the 69 survivors, 23 do not have war pensions.

Jan Romasz, who fought at bunker number three, was for the first time allowed out of the Soviet Union to join the five-yearly Westerplatte reunion. In the Soviet Union he is not even regarded as a veteran. There is a perverse logic in this: those who served bourgeois Poland (against the Soviet Union's ally of the day) do not count as veterans of the Great Patriotic War.

Jan Wojeowicz, a private at bunker number four, was wounded in the leg, but when he applied for a pension he was told "to find the German who injured him." Corporal Eugeniucz Grabowski commanded Westerplatte's sole field gun—whose 28 shots inflicted most of the casualties on the Germans—and was wounded twice, including fractures of the skull. Medals clinking on his chest, he told me of how officials said that "if he had lived to 72 he is obviously healthy and does not require a pension anyway." Most of the 23 are already invalids receiving between forty and fifty thousand zlotys a month although some get as little as 28,000 zlotys ($28 at the official rate; $3 at the more representative market rate). The war pension supplement would be 80,000 zlotys. For the Poles the Second World War with its consequences is not over yet. —RS

poverty, and unrest. Can the fragile Polish democracy survive the strain? Poland trying to establish a democratic government, overhaul its economy, improve living standards, and meet its obligations to the West is like an asthmatic marathoner chasing the pack, dragging a ball and chain. Now that he is running for our team, shouldn't we unchain him and give him a few glucose tablets so that he might start catching up? As NATIONAL REVIEW has already argued ("The Week," May 5) democratic Poland is a Poland unsuitable for Soviet use as an ally or an invasion route against the West, and this is in our geostrategic interest. We can help to bring it about for a few billion dollars—the price of a few B-1 bombers, or what the American public spends yearly on the rental of pornographic videos.

But it would be futile to expect Western bankers to come up with an investment plan that directed help to the right Poles. It was those gentlemen who gave us the Third World debt crisis and who lent lavishly to the Communists in the 1970s, publicly arguing that this was safe since the Communists could always squeeze more blood out of their people. (This scenario has worked only in Rumania, and we know with what results.) Only Western governments can override our bankers' mixture of incompetence and greed for the sake of larger foreign-policy objectives. The key point is that any assistance must be used to aid private enterprise, not in a vain attempt to resuscitate the sclerotic state sector.

Fifty years after Hitler's invasion of Poland, Eastern Europe again looks to the West. We have to ask ourselves fundamental questions. Do we want to continue spending half of our defense budget on defending Europe forevermore, or should we risk a policy which might assure our safety by diminishing the danger itself? Will we put all our faith in guns, tanks, and aircraft, or will we make a modest side-investment in a people whose passionate desire is to rejoin the Western world? Let us put our money where our mouths—and our interests—are.

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Were We Wrong in 1939?

Britain and France declared war on Hitler fifty years ago this month. Should we be ashamed at not having leapt to the defense of plucky little Poland? David Carlton and John Roche argue the point.

DAVID CARLTON

ON THE fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of what is perhaps too readily called the Second World War, the world's press is filled with articles recalling the supposedly noble decision of Great Britain and France to come to the assistance of gallant little Poland. Inevitably Americans are likely to feel rather left out of the nostalgia. And some will even be plagued with a sense of retrospective shame that their own country stood aside, leaving others to fight the good fight.

But in the view of this writer, who is British, Americans need entertain no such feelings, for close study of the historical record suggests that the circumstances in which the British in particular came to get involved in a war over an Eastern European issue were not such as to support the contention that nobility had much to do with it. Rather, Poland became a political football among British political factions at a time when a general election was looming.

If this thesis is valid, then clearly Americans, who were simply ignored by the British and the French in the immediate run-up to the war over Poland, can scarcely be reproached for not having gotten involved. Whatever may have been the case for the United States resisting Adolf Hitler at some point, neither President Roosevelt nor the Senate could be expected to allow British domestic politics to play a decisive role in their decision.

A European war over an East European issue broke out in September 1939 quite simply because there had occurred in the previous spring one of the most spectacular U-turns ever seen in British political history: for in various stages between March 31 and April 13 Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain came round to the position that the British government, in conjunction with the French government, would lend "all the support in their power" if Poland, Rumania, or Greece considered it necessary to use armed force to resist any threat to their independence.

Mr. Carlton is Lecturer in International Studies at the University of Warwick. His Britain and the Suez Crisis *was recently published by Basil Blackwell (New York).*

The Anglo-French attempt to "appease" Nazi Germany, which had reached its apogee the previous September at Munich, was thus dramatically abandoned. So too was an axiom of British policymakers going back as far as Palmerston and even perhaps the Younger Pitt, namely that Britain should never go to war for an Eastern European cause. (It seems to have been an axiom of American policymakers, too, and not one, incidentally, that changed with the end of so-called "isolationism," as events in 1944–48, 1956, and 1968 amply demonstrate.) As British Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain had put it in 1925: "For the Polish Corridor, no British government ever will or ever can risk the bones of a British grenadier."

How, then, are we to explain the breaking of this long tradition? And how could it be that of all men it would be Austen Chamberlain's half-brother who would be the prime minister responsible? For had not Neville Chamberlain hitherto seemed the most fanatical supporter of in effect giving Hitler a free hand in Eastern Europe? The public was subsequently led by Chamberlain himself to believe that he simply experienced a personal road-to-Damascus when the Germans invaded Prague on March 15 in defiance of the terms of the Munich agreement. He was supposed to have recognized the error of his ways and accepted that he had been gullible in trusting Hitler to maintain "peace in our time." In short, the "guarantees" represented his sincere, if belated, conversion to the Churchillian view that any further unambiguous German aggression anywhere in Europe must be resisted by Great Britain and any allies who could be found—among whom, needless to say, the Americans were not expected to be numbered, at least at the outset.

It seems unlikely, however, that the great U-turn came about as a result of disinterested intellectual reflection on Chamberlain's part. It is surely more plausible to see him primarily as a professional politician fighting to retain his place and, if possible, to win the next general election. Most of his critics, too, may have been more interested in playing the "great game" of domestic politics than in acting on compassion for Hitler's victims or pursuing noble

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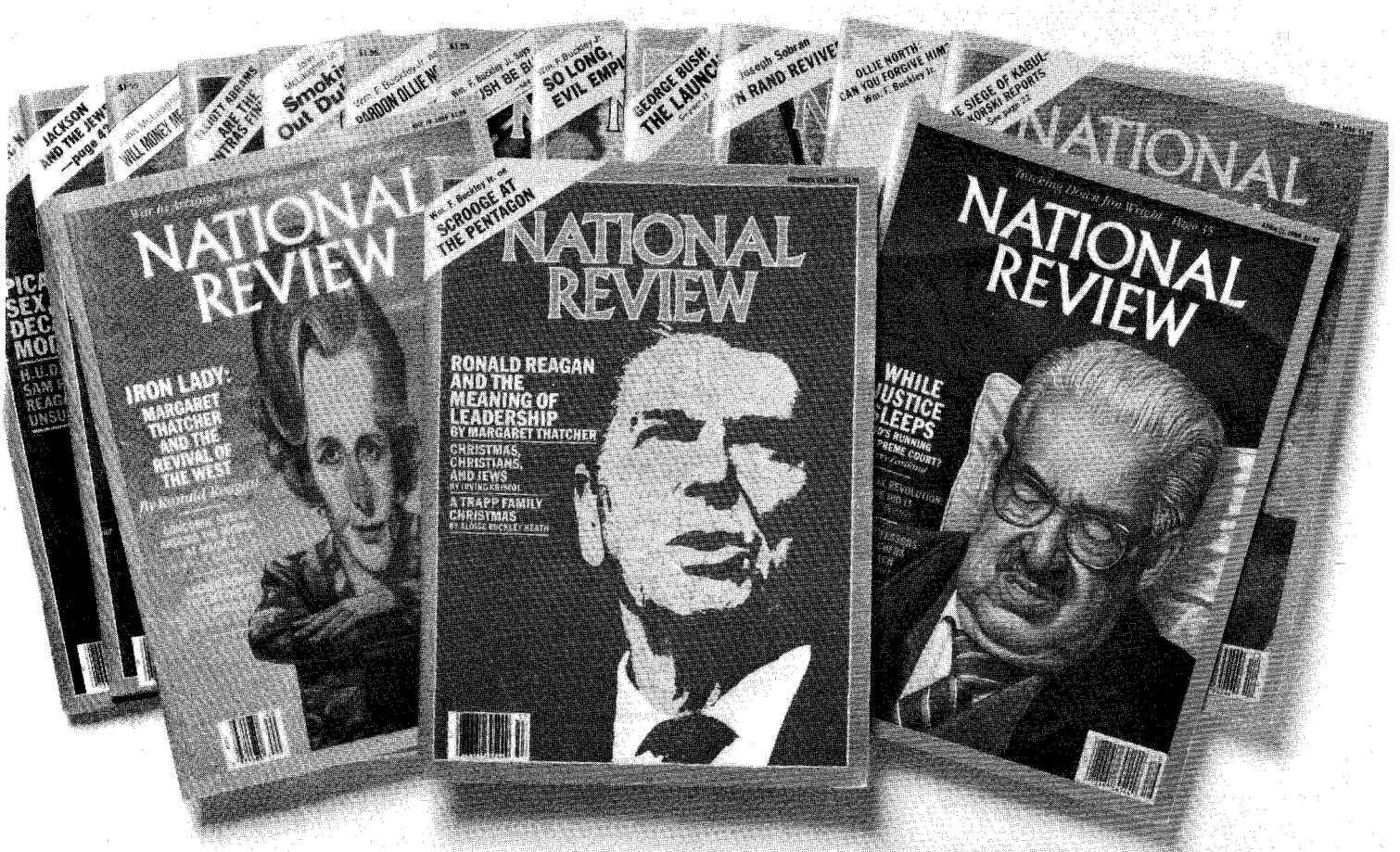

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visions of a better future for their country, let alone Europe as a whole.

It is generally conceded that to understand what happened in 1939 it is necessary to go back to the autumn of 1938. But those with little grasp of how politics actually work tend to focus on the Munich conference itself. They stress that Hitler gave his word that the detachment of the Sudetenland from Czechoslovakia represented his last territorial demand, and that Chamberlain committed his country to "guaranteeing" the remainder of Czechoslovakia. Hence, according to this view, the invasion of Prague six months later inevitably triggered a *volte-face* in British policy.

'All the Prodigal Sons are fairly besieging the parental door. You may have seen Winston's eulogies as reported in the Saturday press. Anthony loses no opportunity of letting me know how cordially he approves the government policy. Duff Cooper is loud in his praises.'

But something else happened in the autumn of 1938 that may have been of greater importance in explaining what happened to British foreign policy during 1939. For Chamberlain, given a hero's welcome on his return from Munich, had to decide whether to call an immediate general election. Influenced by his foreign secretary, Lord Halifax (later an ambassador to Washington), he resisted the temptation to do so. It was probably the single most important blunder of his entire premiership. For he could surely at that stage have secured re-election with a massive majority.

If Chamberlain had in fact secured a new mandate in 1938, his position would have been immeasurably strengthened. He could then in effect have forgotten about public opinion, however piously critical of "appeasement" it might subsequently have become, until at least 1941. Moreover, the thirty-strong group of assorted Conservative MPs who were critical of "appeasement," led by Anthony Eden, Winston Churchill, and Duff Cooper, would have been placed in a near-impossible position. Most would have had no option other than endorsing "appeasement" or facing the hazardous course of running as Independent Conservatives. In any event, the Tory "Wets" of the day—the so-called "glamor boys"—would have lost all prospects of destabilizing Chamberlain in Parliament for the foreseeable future, whatever Hitler might or might not do in Eastern Europe. In short, he could have continued to march sensibly in step with the United States so far as Eastern European policy was concerned.

By failing to hold an election Chamberlain left himself more vulnerable than he at first realized. As late as March 12, 1939, for example, he wrote privately: "All the Prodigal Sons are fairly besieging the parental door. You may have seen Winston's eulogies as reported in the Saturday press. Anthony loses no opportunity of letting me know how cordially he approves the government policy. Duff Cooper is loud in his praises."

But this was hubris. The Prague coup three days later left Chamberlain with almost insuperable problems in a Parliament then in its fourth year.

It took the prime minister only a couple of days to realize the extent of his vulnerability. But the interval was just long enough for us to see that, so far as the foreign-policy aspect was concerned, his first instinct was not to take Hitler's move too tragically. Hence in the House of Commons, while regretting what had occurred, he held that Czechoslovakia's existence had been "terminated by internal disruption," and that accordingly the British "guarantee" no longer applied. He also spoke of not being deflected from our course. He was thus still in step with the United States.

Within two days, however, Chamberlain and his cabinet were moving toward the great U-turn. The decisive role was played by Halifax. He had long been in friendly contact with Eden and other Tory dissidents. And he had more than once urged Chamberlain to widen the base of his government by the inclusion of Eden, Churchill, and possibly also some Labour Party leaders in an emergency coalition. Chamberlain, in resisting this advice, doubtless recognized what following it would have meant: a major modification in his foreign policy and probably, sooner or later, his own fall. That Halifax ("Holy Fox" to his critics) was at that time a prominent candidate for any vacancy at Number Ten was also obvious to all concerned.

This was the background which gave "honest broker" Halifax an immensely strong position in the aftermath of the Prague coup. He was able in effect to warn Chamberlain that an approaching general election could be lost to Labour unless the "appeasement" line was modified sufficiently. Hence the prime minister appears to have been forced to comply, step by step, with his foreign secretary's unwelcome suggestions.

Initially, Chamberlain hoped to limit the damage by using robust language about the Prague coup and by agreeing to propose that "consultations" should take place with other powers if Germany threatened the independence of any other of her neighbors. But this was soon held by Halifax and his allies to be inadequate to restore public confidence, which was further shaken by the German seizure of Memel from Lithuania on March 23 and by false rumors that German attacks on Rumania and Poland were imminent. The upshot was Chamberlain's acquiescence in the unilateral "guarantee" of Poland announced on March 31.

Could Chamberlain have resisted Halifax's pressure? Possibly. But it would have been a high-risk strategy indeed given the state of public opinion and the fears among his backbenchers about the implications of a major Tory split for the forthcoming general election. Harold Nicolson recorded in his diary as early as March 17: ". . . the feeling in the lobbies is that Chamberlain will either have to go or completely reverse his policy. . . . All the tadpoles are beginning to swim into the other camp. . . . The idea is that Halifax should become Prime Minister and Eden Leader of the House."

Thus Chamberlain, by surrendering the essentials of his foreign policy, ensured for himself some further time in

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Number Ten. And he was allowed to lead Britain into war on September 3. But within little more than a year the glamor boys succeeded in ousting him from the premiership; a dying man, he soon afterward quit as Conservative Party Leader.

Were there any other winners in the spring of 1939 apart from the Tory dissidents? Some will say that the British nation itself was the principal beneficiary, as a result of being rescued from the dishonor of "appeasement" and being enabled to be the only "victorious" country in the Second World War to have had the privilege from the first day to the last of continuously spilling its blood and treasure in a noble cause.

But others will argue that the real gainer from Chamberlain's U-turn was the Soviet Union. For the "guarantees" greatly increased Stalin's options and made it likely that the war, initially at least, would be between Germany and the Western Powers rather than between Germany and the Soviet Union. One who instinctively felt at the time that the glamor boys were, for whatever reason, helping Moscow was Tory MP "Chips" Channon, an unreconstructed "appeaser." On April 3, when the House of Commons approved the "guarantee" of Poland, he recorded in his diary that he had seen Churchill, Lloyd George, and Robert Borothby "in a triumphant huddle surrounding [Soviet Ambassador] Maisky." "Maisky," he added contemptuously, "the ambassador of torture, murder, and every crime in the calendar."

Phil Nicholaides

All understandable, no doubt, in the run-up to a general election. But there was only one slight difficulty: the opportunist domestic maneuvering in the spring of 1939 ensured that the general election everyone had in view never could be held! For in September 1939 Hitler, by his invasion of Poland, brought the "guarantee" into operation. Who can seriously blame the U.S.—never consulted about the granting of this "guarantee"—for feeling under no similar obligation to go to war?

Our last thought should be reserved for the unhappy Poles. The Anglo-French "guarantee" proved useless to them, as they should have anticipated. As A. J. P. Taylor asked as long ago as 1961: Which was better—to be a "betrayed" Czechoslovakia or a "saved" Poland? He suggested that the answer can be found by studying the total death toll in each country and by comparing today's Warsaw with the architectural glory that is Prague. Americans need feel no shame at having avoided involvement in the European War of 1939.

Guilty of What?

JOHN P. ROCHE

IT IS MOST considerate of David Carlton to give Americans general absolution for not intervening in the European war when Hitler unleashed his panzers against Poland, but I'm afraid his generosity will be neither understood nor appreciated. Perhaps his perception of what can be loosely called "American national character" is unduly influenced by endless coverage of our guilt industry, which constantly and stridently confesses that "We are all guilty of ----------" (homelessness, African famines, child abuse, AIDS, et al). Large sums of money are raised in spasm campaigns (remember Nuclear Freeze and "We Are the World"?), but it is extremely doubtful if any scars are left on our collective psyche.

To be more specific, since the great bulk of Americans have simply blanked out our betrayal of the Republic of Vietnam in 1974–75, how in the world can anyone expect the populace—only 20 per cent of which was of age in 1939—to flagellate over letting down Britain and France and ignoring Nazi barbarism? Carlton goes further, to argue that the Chamberlain government did not in any case deserve our support. Although I think he attributes far too much coherence, indeed almost supernatural cunning, to a stunned group of outraged mediocrities, there is no point in delving into British party politics. If Pitt the Elder or Churchill had been prime minister, American moral torpor would still have been undisturbed.

However, the broader point Carlton raises is worth exploring, namely, the extent to which the American people are (or have been) susceptible to feelings of collective guilt or shame, first in the specific setting of World War II; and, second, over two centuries.

Growing up in the shadow of "The Great War" was very different from the experience of the post–World War II generations, which down to the Sixties took for granted United States involvement in foreign affairs, even entangling alliances. I suppose if David Carlton had been writing then he would have indicated that we need feel no shame for repudiating the League of Nations; but in my family nobody thought about the League except as part of that idiot Woodrow Wilson's effort to destroy American sovereignty. Good patriots (Dad was a Navy CPO, an uncle in the Marines got shot up in the Argonne, an uncle in the Army got gassed on the Marne) and Democrats, they were bitter. While they disputed whether the Army, Navy, or Marines had won the war, they were in total agreement on one proposition: "Never again."

As I have discussed this at length in this journal ("The Demise of Liberal Internationalism," May 3, 1985) I can summarize by saying that in 1939 1) just about everybody distrusted the British and French; 2) just about everybody

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disliked Hitler (and Stalin, his ally); and 3) just about everybody wanted to take a box seat and let them fight it out. Sure, Hitler was nasty to the Jews, but that was an old German custom comparable to the British and French fondness for bashing uppity colonials. And how much of this stuff about Nazi infamy could you believe? Remember the great job British intelligence had done in the last war feeding us fake "Hun" atrocity stories—the crucified Canadian, the baby on the helmet-spike? (My grandfather had some of these books, which had hypnotizing graphics—the forerunner of TV violence: I remember to this day Nurse Cavell before the German firing squad.)

Phil Nicholaides

Any notion that a significant number of Americans was stricken by shame or guilt is simply nonsense. The American Jewish community, not then organized as it is today, was understandably in despair; Reinhold Niebuhr and Sidney Hook were virtually alone in liberal-socialist circles in supporting vigorous action against Hitler, and further chaos was engendered on the Left when the Stalinists, previously strong advocates of collective security, turned up as Hitler's cheering squad. This state of affairs remained essentially unchanged (except for the Stalinists' second U-turn in June 1941) until December 7, 1941. Even then, if Hitler had not gone mad and declared war on us on December 11, I doubt FDR could have gotten a declaration of war on Germany through Congress.

Let me be clear: to understand is not to pardon. For example, in 1942 I understood our government's decision to intern the West Coast Japanese and Japanese-Americans, but as a young member of the Norman Thomas Socialist movement I opposed it; in 1939–41, I opposed American intervention in the war: I understand why, but my wife (who shared this viewpoint, though we didn't meet till after the war) and I have often mused on how individuals of our alleged intelligence could have been so blind. What you have to do is learn from it, not beat your back or go on a Reformed-Drunk Lecture Series.

What *I* have learned from it is that the United States throughout its history has been allergic to guilt. There must have been something about the air of the "New World" that led to an excision from the genetic chain: the chromosome for history. John Adams in 1765 whipped up for a law-student forum a masterly little essay on *The Canon and the Feudal Law* which set forth the case for what Tocqueville later called "American exceptionalism." In essence Adams argued that Americans had shaken off the chains of the past and were free to begin the world anew. Generations of immigrants picked up this faith.

In a time when a bogus king of France and a bogus dauphin will boycott the wedding of the latter's daughter because it is to be celebrated in West Germany rather than in the royal demesne, it is refreshing to escape from the stuffiness of history. Yet, the other aspect of this invincible ahistoricism is what I have called "temporal solipsism," that is, the bland assumption that every moment in time and its events are independent entities, lacking both precedents and consequences—that history comes in discrete particles, not in a flowing current. Thus most Americans didn't feel guilty about living first with slavery, then under a Jim Crow Constitution, or of pervasive anti-Semitism, or in recent times of betraying South Vietnam. They should have, but they changed the subject.

Right now the poor Contras are sitting in Honduras, victims of another frenzied American commitment which eventually became a cast-off mistress. It may have been wisdom, it may have been cynicism, but when Jeane Kirkpatrick and Elliott Abrams tried to en-list me for the Contra cause, I said, "No." Not because I wanted to see the Sandinistas savaging Nicaragua, but because I was certain that Congress and the American people would leave the poor guys hanging out to dry, and I didn't want to be party to another (unpremeditated) deception. On another front, I estimate the shelf-life of the current furor over flag-burning to be roughly six months. As Joe McCarthy learned, and Jesse Jackson is discovering, the populace enjoys a lively basher, but has a short attention span.

On a different point, Carlton clearly implies that Britain and France should not have gone to war in September 1939. I share his view that commitment to Poland in the spring of 1939 was an "id spasm," but not that Chamberlain, Halifax and Co. were playing some Machiavellian game. To be charitable, in that chaotic period no Western statesman stands out for his strategic genius. Churchill went off his strategic rocker to urge that British troups succor Finland during the 1939–40 "winter war" with the Soviets. Even so, Carlton's view that Chamberlain and Daladier need not have fulfilled their pledge to Poland strikes me as historically preposterous. Hitler's master plan was known but disbelieved: 1) buy off the Soviets; 2) smash the Polish, French, and British land forces; 3) negotiate peace with Britain; then 4) seize the geopolitical heartland, the Soviet Union. After the March dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, even the dullest appeasers recognized that they were next for the chop. So a declaration of war was inevitable; better sooner than later. We in the U.S. still had our protective ocean and the illusions it generated.

In sum, before David Carlton gets upset about Americans being overwhelmed by shame of any kind—deserved or undeserved—he should realize that the United States was born without a historical umbilical cord. Moreover, in American politics there is no surer way to disaster than guilt-mongering. The American people are spontaneously generous, but (as Democratic presidential candidates should learn) the minute the politics of decency is superseded by the politics of guilt, the ballgame is over. If you love this country as I do, you have to do so with the full realization that on occasion it will break your heart.

Mr. Roche is the Olin Professor of Civilization and Foreign Affairs at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy.

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A Court That Obeys the Law

The Supreme Court did not slow its activist march with the retirement of Earl Warren. It continued to invent legal and constitutuional outrages through the 1970s. But in 1989 the Rehnquist Court actually read the laws it interpreted.

BRUCE FEIN

The 1988–1989 term of the United States Supreme Court witnessed the most dramatic single-year change in constitutional and statutory interpretive principles since the birth of the Court two centuries ago.

The Court made the express language and purpose of the Constitution and laws once again the touchstone for adjudication. Over the previous four decades, the Court had increasingly employed the "spirit" of a statute, or ambiguous snippets of legislative history, or the Justices' idiosyncratic notions of wise or compassionate public policy to inform the judicial task of interpretation. But in the term just ended, the Court jettisoned the longstanding practice of straining, contorting, or bending the Constitution or a law to favor claims advanced by racial groups that were believed helpless in legislative chambers or subject to substantial social hostility. The Court additionally clipped the practice of stretching laws designed to correct wrongdoing so as to ensure that an injured party could obtain money from the government.

In short, a five-member working majority of the Court—Chief Justice Rehnquist and Associate Justices White, O'Connor, Scalia, and Kennedy—have embraced judicial humility, a trust in the fairness of the legislative process, and a color-blind Constitution as fundamental precepts of constitutional or statutory construction.

One of the Court's most important changes—though it may seem a mere technicality—was to insist on examining the text of a statute under consideration, rather than its legislative history. For many years the Court had accepted the idea that the text and manifest purpose of a law could be disregarded if the result would seem discordant with a presumed unidimensional policy of Congress. As legislators, in turn, began noticing what the Court was doing, they came up with a neat trick for creating new public policy without a majority vote. The typical legerdemain consisted of planting obscure footnotes or sentences in committee reports, or of orchestrating legislative debates when few were in attendance, so as to invite judges to interpret a law as if those communications had made their way into its text. But statutes are invariably the result of compromise, reflecting tensions between competing political forces. The Court and its legislative accomplices were thus betraying political reality by straying beyond a statute's language to achieve policy coherence.

Three civil-rights cases in recent years exemplified this tendency. In *Griggs* v. *Duke Power* (1971), the Court examined the prohibition in Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act against classifying or limiting employment opportunities "because" of an individual's race. The Court interpreted that language as prohibiting a high-school-diploma requirement for specified jobs because a greater percentage of blacks lacked that qualification than whites. But a practice that may adversely affect a racial group statistically does not constitute individual discrimination "because of race." Thus, a grocery store charging a uniform price for light bulbs is not guilty of racial discrimination simply because the cost places financial strain on a greater percentage of blacks than whites. The Supreme Court, however, condemned the comparable impact of the high-school diploma.

In *Steelworkers* v. *Weber* (1979), the Court addressed the meaning of "race" in the 1964 Civil Rights Act. In ordinary parlance, the term includes whites as well as blacks, Hispanics, Indians, Asians, and other distinctive racial groups. Congress did not specifically define the term in a narrower sense. The Court, nonetheless, interpreted Title VII to authorize racial discrimination against white employees if black employees were the beneficiaries. The Court reached that countertextual conclusion by inventively discovering a "spirit" of the law that smiled on efforts that would bring blacks into the economic mainstream. But not a syllable spoken or written by

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members of Congress suggested a consensus that white employees could be the targets of racial discrimination in order to crown black employees with racial preferences.

The Court performed a comparable feat of verbal acrobatics in *Johnson* v. *Transportation District of Santa Clara* (1987). There, a statutory ban on gender discrimination in employment was interpreted to mean that discrimination was lawful if directed at white males to benefit less-qualified females.

That type of judicial nonsense and unfairness ended this term. Thus, in *Patterson* v. *McLean Credit Union*, the Court refused to apply an 1866 civil-rights statute guaranteeing nondiscrimination in the making and enforcement of contracts to reach on-the-job racial harassment. That conduct was contemptible, the Court stated, but was unrelated to making or enforcing contracts. An amendment from Congress was needed, the Court maintained, to make the 1866 statute reach racial harassment (already illegal under Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act).

In *City of Richmond* v. *Croson*, the Court interpreted the Fourteenth Amendment's command that all "persons" be afforded the "equal protection" of the laws as prohibiting racial discrimination by a municipality against white enterprises competing for government construction contracts. In particular, the Court held unconstitutional a 30 per cent racial quota for contract awards in the City of Richmond, Virginia, where there was no evidence of past racial discimination against minorities in the construction business.

The High Court's *Croson* decision and companion rulings in *Martin* v. *Wilks* and *Wards Cove* v. *Antonio* will halt legislative, executive, or business plans that shower racial preferences on persons not hobbled by past discrimination. It must be emphasized, however, that anti-quota constitutional doctrines leave undisturbed the right of all individuals to obtain redress for purposeful racial discrimination in employment and elsewhere. The recent statements by Benjamin Hooks, executive director of the NAACP, equating the Supreme Court's color-blind mandates with the racism of Bull Connor in Birmingham, Alabama, and the Ku Klux Klan suggest that Mr. Hooks is living in fantasyland.

The new Court's abortion rulings, meanwhile, illustrate its disdain for arrogating policy decisions that are manifestly lodged by the Constitution outside the judicial cloister. Thus, in *Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services*, the Court signaled a judicial withdrawal from constitutionalizing abortion policy in upholding a state law giving preference to childbirth over abortion. And five Justices seem prepared in the coming term to take the next step and overrule *Roe* v. *Wade* (1973), which, as has been amply documented, created a constitutional right to an abortion virtually on demand by relying on a right of privacy found nowhere in the text or clear purpose of a constitutional provision.

The new Court's ruling in *U.S.* v. *Monsanto* nicely exhibits its demand that statutory words be pre-eminent in interpreting the law. In that case, the Court refused to shield from forfeiture the payment of attorneys' fees with the proceeds of criminal activity. The Court rejected policy arguments favoring such forfeiture by declaring tartly: "The short answer is the Congress did not write the statute that way."

In a cluster of cases, the Court refused to interpret so-called "remedial" civil-rights statutes to make states or localities pay for the damages caused by a public employee's misconduct. In *Deshaney* v. *Winnebago County*, for instance, the Court declined to hold a county liable under the Constitution or federal law for negligent action that ended in child abuse. Any remedy, the Court asserted, must come from state or local law. In *Will* v. *Michigan Department of State Police*, the Court held that neither states nor their officials are vulnerable to suit under federal civil-rights statutes. Previous decisions of the High Court, like *Owen* v. *City of Independence* (1980), had betrayed an eagerness to hold governments liable for any employee transgression.

The reasons for the High Court's sudden change in interpretive philosophy are threefold: First, the 1988–89 term marked Justice Anthony Kennedy's first full year of service. He voted consistently with the conservative bloc, unlike his predecessor, Justice Lewis Powell.

Second, Justice Antonin Scalia, the ascendant intellectual powerhouse of the Court, energized the conservative bloc behind principles of judicial restraint, but not abnegation from checking oppressive legislative or executive action.

Third, contemporary public opinion decidedly frowns on discrimination based on race, gender, or disability. Legislative chambers generally operate with fairness and openness to conflicting viewpoints. Thus, there is little reason for judicial apprehension that statutes will tyrannize unless closely scrutinized by courts generally insulated from electoral politics.

Accordingly the High Court's change in interpretive doctrines is likely to be a fixture for the foreseeable future. President George Bush is likely to appoint interpretive conservatives, such as U.S. Solicitor General Kenneth Starr or federal circuit judges Roger Miner (N.Y.) or J. Harvie Wilkinson (Richmond, Va.) to fill Supreme Court vacancies. Additionally, nothing on the horizon presages any departure from the long-term waning of racial or gender prejudice. The High Court will thus see no social need to reverse its current interpretive course.

The Court's shrinking prominence has been perversely assailed by political pundits like David Brinkley for "poisoning" legislative and campaign debates over disputatious issues of abortion, civil rights, church-state relations, drug testing, and the death penalty. But self-government is a mirage if it means discussion and voting on only the soporific or inconsequential. To move all important and divisive matters into the judicial domain is to treat citizens as a class of irresponsible children.

The hallmark of a healthy democracy is citizen participation in forging public policy. It is a grave act when the Supreme Court shuts off the benefits of self-government with a constitutional decree in a search to end heated controversy. Thus, the Court's 1857 *Dred Scott* ruling aimed to supersede longstanding compromise and legislative rancor over slavery in the U.S. territories, but the unintended result was calamitous. The High Court's 1973 *Roe* v. *Wade* abortion mandate fares no better than *Dred Scott* in the annals of judicial history.

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T. S. Eliot's Convictions

RUSSELL KIRK

The earliest letter in this collection is written (June, 1898) from Gloucester by a ten-year-old boy to his father in St. Louis. Little Thomas Stearns Eliot mentions that a microscope and "a box of butterflies and a spider" had been broken in his trunk on the journey from Missouri to Massachusetts. There comes to mind Eliot's Ariel poem "Animula": *"The pain of living and the drug of dreams / Curl up the small soul in the window seat / Behind the Encyclopedia Britannica."*

Sources and influences quite other than the *Britannica* would wake the imagination of T. S. Eliot. This first volume of his correspondence, ably edited by his vigorous and forthright widow, tells much about the experiences that nurtured his early poems and the associations and convictions that led to his editing of *The Criterion*. The volume ends on the eve of publication of *The Waste Land*, which soon gave him domination of the realm of letters. The twentieth century has been the Age of Eliot—and not in Britain and the United States merely.

During 1988 and the early months of 1989, the ancient city of Monza, in Lombardy, celebrated the memory of Eliot with a series of theatrical productions, readings, and lectures held amidst the crumbling splendors of the Villa Reale. This reviewer delivered the concluding "testimony" to the twentieth-century heir of Vergil and Dante. I remarked that Eliot, though melancholy from early years until his marriage, late in life, to Valerie, also was witty and even comical, as we find him in some of these letters. Self-mockery is the most successful form of wit; we encounter it in his "Linces for Cuscuscaraway and Mirza Murad Ali Beg":

> *How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot!*
> *With his features of clerical cut . . .*

Yet in truth, as I told my Italian audience, Eliot was easy to converse with, not at all forbidding, and perfect in his manners—or so I always found him, in London or in Edinburgh. His English manners and speech took form between 1914 and 1922, the years covered by the six hundred pages of this first volume. Though Eliot is called an expatriate, and indeed was strongly attracted to English life, it was necessity that kept him in London after his marriage to Vivienne Haigh-Wood, and he remarked once that the worst form of expatriation for an American writer is residence in New York City.

Vivienne's neuroses and wretched health soon thrust him into a psychological Waste Land. Many of the letters in this collection pertain to that misfortune. Four decades later, Eliot would write privately, "To explain my sudden marriage to Vivienne Haigh-Wood would require a good many words, and yet the explanation would probably remain unintelligible. . . . I was very immature for my age, very timid, very inexperienced. . . . I think that all I wanted of Vivienne was a flirtation or a mild affair: I was too shy and unpracticed to achieve either with anybody. I believe that I came to persuade myself that I was in love with her simply because I wanted to burn my boats and commit myself to staying in England. And she persuaded herself (also under the influence of Pound) that she would save the poet by keeping him in England."

Yet the terrible sorrow that came to pass through this marriage was the catalyst that brought forth Eliot's major poetry, beginning with *The Waste Land* and presently followed by *Ash Wednesday*. One thinks of the paradox of the Fortunate Fall.

These revelations about the unhappy marriage and its consequences (matters kept most private by Eliot during his lifetime) are perhaps the most significant letters in this first volume, so far as insight into the poet's spiritual experiences are concerned. But all sorts of lively and surprising matters turn up in these letters—among them Eliot's endeavor to assist Maxwell Bodenheim, the bohemian author of *Replenishing Jessica* and other off-color novels. To Ezra Pound, on May 20, 1920, Eliot wrote concerning the eccentric Bodenheim, "Conrad Aiken is here; stupider than I remember him; in fact, stupid. Also Bodenheim, the American Max, who arrived in the steerage on Monday with a wife and a baby which will see the light in a few weeks ('Almost any time, in fact,' Mrs. B. says) . . . He is not unintelligent, anyhow better than Aiken, and being Semites I suppose they will survive somehow."

Eliot did what he could toward that survival, but the Bodenheims soon found it necessary to return to the United States. The word "Semites" in

---

Mr. Kirk is president of the Wilbur Foundation and the author of 28 books, including Eliot and His Age.

The Letters of T. S. Eliot: Volume I, 1893-1922, edited by Valerie Eliot (Harcourt, Brace, 639 pp., $29.95)

T. S. Eliot and Prejudice, by Christopher Ricks (University of California, 290 pp., $25).

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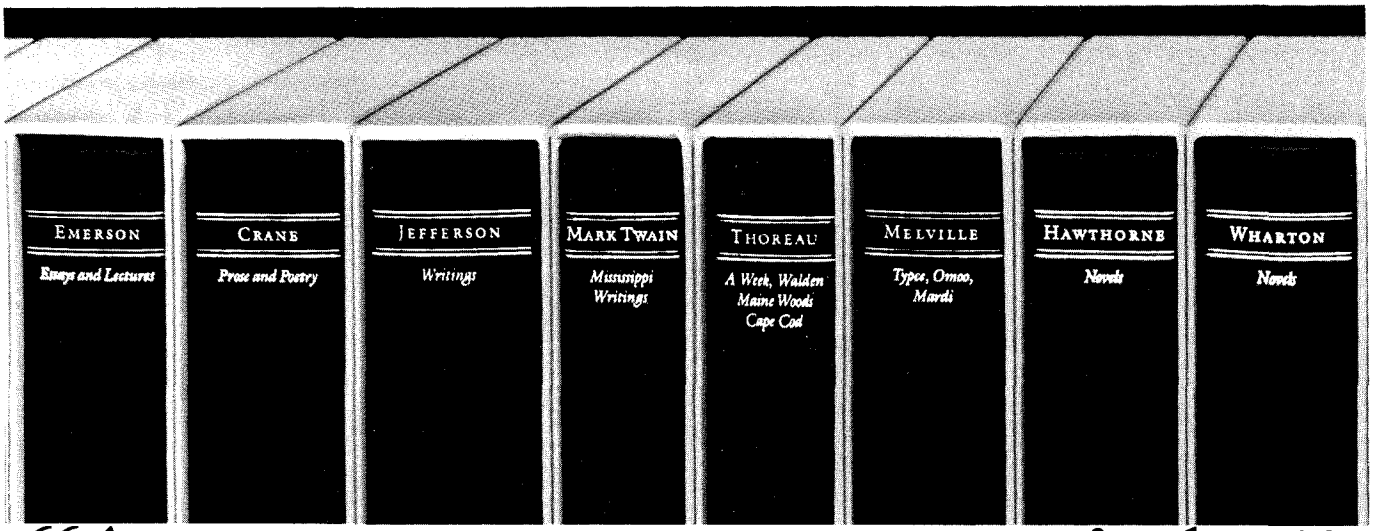

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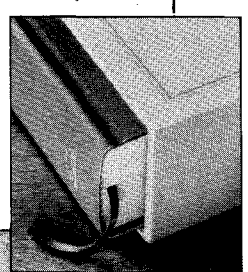

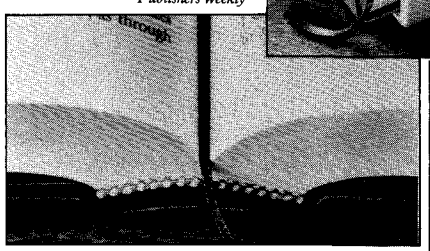

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RANDOM NOTES

POLITICS OF FASHION: Over the years, women's magazines have made a place for themselves in American culture not only as trendsetters in regard to clothes, make-up, and accessories, but as purveyors of what it pleases their editors to think of as "advanced" ideas—about sex, politics, literature, whatever. Only a month ago, the hugely popular teen magazine *Sassy* had advanced so far that it was nearly forced out of business altogether: advertisers, it seems, had begun jumping ship in response to parental complaints about a series of articles exploring the pleasures of masturbation and miscellaneous other hijinx conventionally forbidden to teenage girls. So, if not particularly surprising, then it is at least piquant to announce the ascension of Elizabeth Pochoda, longtime literary editor of that vaguely Stalinist weekly *The Nation*, to her new job as senior editor at *Vogue*. There, Miss Pochoda's province will remain more or less what it was at *The Nation*: books, theater, and politics. (She's a writer, too, her most recent contribution to *The Nation* being a four-page denunciation of Norman Mailer's decision to allow squishy-soft statesman George Shultz, that "architect of abhorrent policies," to speak at a conference of International PEN.) As to what her appointment says about the ideological inclinations of her new employer, Miss Pochoda pleads a not-very-convincing ignorance. "I really don't know," she says. "*Vogue* has always been a place where a lot of interesting things get said. I think they're open to a lot of things."

COLD WATER: Gary Taubes is an investigative science journalist whose last book, *Nobel Dreams* (Random House), exposed the shoddy research habits of 1984 Nobel Prize-winning Italian physicist Carlo Rubbia. Recently Taubes signed on with Random House to investigate another scientific dispute: this spring's debate over the possibility that chemists at the University of Utah had succeeded in producing cold fusion. According to Taubes, when his book comes out (sometime in 1991), it will demonstrate that the ensuing worldwide controversy was all the result of a "frightening misunderstanding" between Brigham Young University and the University of Utah.

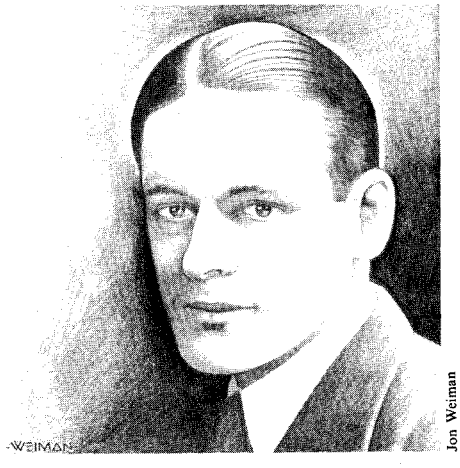
The trouble started when the Utah chemists, Martin Fleischmann and B. Stanley Pons, began suspecting that a Brigham Young physicist, Steven Jones, had pirated some of their research. According to Taubes, they were wrong. Though Jones and the Utah team happened to be working on virtually the same fusion process, Jones could prove that he had come up with the idea independently three years earlier.

Nevertheless, Jones made the Utah scientists and their administrative overseers very nervous. The problem was that the University of Utah suffers each year from a desperate cash-shortage. So when the university's president, Chase Peterson, heard that two of his scientists were working on a form of technology that could revolutionize the way energy is produced and make trillions of dollars for whoever controlled the patent rights, understandably he seized on the idea. To have it stolen by Utah's arch-rival BYU, however, seemed a distinct and terrifying possibility. So Peterson approached BYU administrators and eventually came to a secret agreement that the two universities would cooperate and publish their results together.

Before long the crew at Utah had become convinced that BYU was planning a double-cross. Again, says Taubes, they were wrong. Paranoia won the day, however, and Utah wound up double-crossing Brigham Young, as Peterson called a major press conference to announce that Utah had succeeded in producing cold fusion. Only days before, according to Taubes, Fleischmann had been saying that he and Pons were still at least 18 months short of achieving satisfactory results—the kind of results you call a press conference to announce. As to whether cold fusion will ever work, Taubes isn't sure. One thing he does know is that "the explosion of publicity that followed brought Utah more trouble than any double-cross by BYU ever could have." —DAVID KLINGHOFFER

this letter, however, brings me to Professor Ricks's *T. S. Eliot and Prejudice*. In the context of the preceding Eliot letter to Pound, "Semites" might be taken either as admiration or as dispraise for Jews' endurance under tribulation. Such minor ambiguities in Eliot's verse and prose brought upon him the dread charge of anti-Semitism—principally from a handful of British and American zealots, during last year's celebrations of the poet's centenary and again on the publication of the volume under review here.

Mr. Ricks is an admirer of Eliot, and his book is a learned and temperate endeavor to investigate Eliot's prejudices and his alleged anti-Semitism. But his study is ill-organized, convoluted, annoyingly allusive, and tedious to anybody but the Eliot specialist. In his chapter on prejudice, Ricks draws distinctions between "prejudice" and "prejudication," and points out that Eliot preferred the word "convictions" to "prejudice." With his philosophical habit of mind, Eliot was one of those "men of speculation," in Edmund Burke's words, who "instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom which prevails in them."



Jon Weiman

In short, so far as "prejudice" signifies the received common sense of a people, essential pre-judgment on moral questions, healthy custom, convention, and prescription—why, Eliot was a friend to those prejudices which Burke had called "wise," as set against foolish prejudices. Ricks seems timid and pedantic, though certainly well-read in Eliot, in his argument on this head. He does recognize the need for prejudice in time of emergency, and approves Eliot's "convictions."

The chapter on prejudices is intelligent, though insufficient; the chapter entitled "Anti-Semitism" is feeble—although perhaps it is the reason why Ricks wrote his book, what with the recent attacks on Eliot by the zealots and by men of the Left. Ricks concludes his tortuous observations on this head by throwing up his hands:

> What has to be faced, though, is that no one can write seriously and at length about anti-Semitism without giving offense. . . . It is unimaginable that anyone could ever judge these matters exactly right, or speak of them without a single failure of tone, or be fully alive to justice and to mercy. The minefield

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stretches on all sides, and being innocent—or not particularly guilty—will not save any commentator (and certainly not any commentator on T. S. Eliot) from being blown up.

The timorous Mr. Ricks, by the way, teaches English at Boston University, not in Beirut.

Although given in other matters to fine and subtle distinctions, such as that between prejudice and prejudication, Mr. Ricks does not define at all the term "anti-Semitism." Surely one needs to know what the offense is, before handing down judgment? Well, Mr. Ricks ought to know that the word appears to have been employed first by Wilhelm Marr, a hater of Jews, about 1873. The ideology of anti-Semitism, with its queer and sinister genetic and cultural notions, its theories of race, was developed more fully by Alfred Rosenberg (hanged after the Nuremberg trials) and embraced by Hitler and the Nazis.

Now nobody, so far as I know, ever has ventured to suggest that Eliot entertained any crazy notions about a Semitic race, or in any way approved the Nazis; so really the question is not whether Eliot was an anti-Semite, but whether he disliked the Jews, or at least some Jews.

All of us cherish our prejudices, and obviously Eliot had his. There may be found in his early poems some evidence of dislike or suspicion of "free-thinking Jews"—notably Bleistein with a Cigar. But also, in those sardonic early poems, Eliot does not conceal prejudices against—well, anyway, he is ironic about—old ladies in Boston, Harvard professors, Americans of Irish extraction, Madame Blavatsky, complacent Christians, Russian women with friendly busts. Are we to regard him as a hard hater of all elderly females, Irish-Americans, members of the Church of England, etc.?

Was Augustine of Hippo prejudiced against Montanists? Kipling against Germans? Conrad against Russians? Mark Twain against Nigger Jim? Dare we read such bigoted authors?

The accusation of anti-Semitism against Eliot is as silly as it is malicious. As George Orwell put it, with reference to the slanders against Eliot, "Some people go round smelling after antisemitism all the time." And as Eliot wrote to William Turner Levy, those who slandered him "do not know, as you and I do, that in the eyes of the Church, to be anti-Semitic is a sin."

The mature and judicious Eliot will appear before long in the pages of Volume II of the *Letters*. It is to be hoped that no reviewer of the second volume will be so wrongheaded as to revile the great poet, at the height of his powers, for being pro-Christian.

Killing Time

MARTIN STANNARD

The Life of Graham Greene, by Norman Sherry (Viking, 783 pp., $29.95)

"One of the greatest novelists of the twentieth century," says the publisher's blurb, "Graham Greene has been until now a most elusive personality, guarding his privacy and remaining aloof, mysterious and unpredictable. . . . the story of his life is one of the greatest challenges that a biographer could face." This is true. The next statement—"Norman Sherry has taken up this challenge and made it a triumph of literary detection and narrative"—is not. As a biography this disappoints. As a novel about Professor Sherry's relationship with his evasive subject, it is continuously amusing. Greene, like Kolly Kibber in *Brighton Rock*, leaves clues inviting Sherry to give chase, but the biographer is always baffled as he watches his quarry disappear, smiling, round the next corner.

To be fair, Sherry *has* done an immense amount of research, and this book is "essential reading." More than any other work to date, it fleshes out Greene's early life (1904–1939) and throws considerable light on his schooldays, his family, his marriage, his travels to Ireland, Germany, Liberia, and Mexico, and his determined struggle to become a successful writer. The character who emerges—sensitive, selfish, by turns

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ebullient and morbidly estranged, sexually passionate, restless, ambitious, manic-depressive, a deeply loyal man with an entrenched belief that loyalty corrupts artistic integrity—is complex. Much of this we already knew from the four main autobiographical sources: *In Search of a Character* (1961), *A Sort of Life* (1971), *Ways of Escape* (1980), and Marie-Françoise Allain's series of interviews, *The Other Man* (1983). But Sherry has added considerably to these.

Greene's estranged wife, Vivien, has poured out box-loads of intimate love-letters. There are invaluable interviews with her, Claud Cockburn, Zoe Richmond (widow of Kenneth Richmond, Greene's early psychoanalyst), and "Tooter" and Sir Hugh Greene (respectively, Green's cousin with whom he apparently toured London brothels, and his younger, and closest, brother, later Director General of the BBC). In his own accounts, Greene touches on his parents and eldest brother, Herbert, but they remain shadowy figures. Here they are provided with personal histories.

All this is good, and particularly the information about Greene's courtship of Vivien Dayrell-Browning. The ambitious Oxford undergraduate had no leanings toward the homosexual world of his contemporaries Harold Acton and Evelyn Waugh, but his experience of heterosexual passion had been extremely limited. This did not prevent him from writing an article for the *Oxford Outlook* about sex, religion, and the cinema. Most people, he stated, were "considerably oversexed": "We either go to Church and worship the Virgin Mary or to a public house and snigger over stories and limericks; and this exaggeration of the sex instinct has had a bad effect on art." A sharp rebuke followed from a young lady working for Blackwell's. As a convert to Roman Catholicism she was offended by Greene's conflation. One did not "worship" the Virgin, she reminded him, one "venerated" her. Greene apologized and invited her to tea.

He was a confirmed atheist but as soon as he saw her he fell in love. She kept her distance. Greene pursued. Vivien, appalled by his physical advances, for a long time refused to offer serious hope of marriage. Impasse. According to Claud Cockburn, to whom Greene went for advice, the only way into her bed was to embrace Mother Church first. "'Go right ahead,' " Cockburn told him, " 'take instruction or whatever balderdash they want you to go through, if you need this for your f---, go ahead and do it . . . , as we both know, the whole thing is bloody nonsense. . . .' And then to my amazement, the whole thing suddenly took off and became serious and he became a Catholic convert. So then I felt perhaps I'd done the wrong thing." It is an astonishing revelation (if Cockburn is

Gary Underhill

to be believed) of the origin of Greene's religious faith.

In October 1927, after two years of Vivien's agonizing vacillation, they married and set up housekeeping in a Hampstead flat with her "difficult" mother nearby. (On their honeymoon Vivien had presented Greene with a sealed letter from his mother-in-law which apparently offered him advice about sexual conduct. Greene read it and tore it up.) After a sub-editing job in Nottingham, Greene was now doing the same thing for the *Times*, working all night and writing his first published novel during the day. When *The Man Within* (1929) was a success, he resigned in order to become a professional writer.

It was a decision he came bitterly to regret. *The Name of Action* (1930) and *Rumor at Nightfall* (1931) both failed. He wrote a life of Lord Rochester which was rejected. *Stamboul Train* (1932) revived his fortunes temporarily when it was chosen by the Book Society, but *It's a Battlefield* (1934) and *England Made Me* (1935) sold only moderately. He scraped a living, forced to move to a pretty but pretty rudimentary country cottage in Chipping Campden, reviewing fortnightly for the *Spectator*. Even the success of *Stamboul Train* had been spoiled by J. B. Priestley's threatening a libel action. Greene had acquired a substantial reputation but small reward. As literary editor of the excellent magazine *Night and Day*, he at last earned a decent wage, but the journal foundered after only a year and he ended up having to pay 500 in libel damages to Shirley Temple. Only with *Brighton Rock* (1938) did he begin to find his subject and distinctive literary voice.

The years covered by this volume, then, were for Greene years of failure and betrayal. He was, it seems, regularly unfaithful to his wife with prostitutes and, much as he loved her and their two children, was restless in her protective domesticity. As their income improved slightly, they moved to a modern flat in Oxford and then rented a Queen Anne house on Clapham Common. She collected dolls; he looked hungrily out of the window at the lust of rain-soaked lovers. At the end of the book, husband and wife are still together and still in love. But a pattern has been established of his disappearing for long stretches of foreign travel. The annihilating boredom of conventional life had always to be countered by the *frisson* of danger, just as, at 16, he had been driven to play Russian roulette on Berkhamsted Common. His life was spent killing time as vigorously as possible.

Put like this, Sherry's narrative might seem vivacious. Sadly, it isn't, and the tragedy is that he has an excellent story to tell and much new material to draw on. I came to this book eagerly. I left it with relief, and frustration.

At one point Sherry ingenuously quotes a review by Greene of Beatrice Kean Seymour's work: ". . . at least two hundred pages and half a dozen characters could have been cut out . . . [it] was unwritten: 'It has not passed the stage of conception; it has not been criticized and refined and worked over.' " Double the number of

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Mr. Stannard is a lecturer in English literature at the University of Leicester. The first volume of his biography, Evelyn Waugh: The Early Years, 1903–1939, *was published by Norton in 1987.*

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pages and "characters" and the remark applies with deadly accuracy to this biography. It staggers beneath the weight of irrelevant detail. The literary criticism is banal and theoretically dubious, the discussion of theology simple-minded. It is impossible to believe that Greene is satisfied with this portrait.

This may seem strange. According to Sherry, Greene and he are friends. Greene admired Sherry's books on Conrad, in which he followed his hero's travels and revealed the sources from which the fiction sprang. Sherry offered to do the same for Greene. He was at first alarmed by the suggestion of a biography: "'Oh I wouldn't like anyone looking into my life.' Then he added with what I am sure was the instinctive decision of a novelist, 'If I were to have my biography written, I would choose you,' and later, as we parted in Brook Street, he made up his mind. I was to be his biographer, and we shook hands on it." True to his word, he allowed Sherry interviews, gave him access to his diaries and unpublished manuscripts, and, most important, presumably gave the go-ahead to those friends and relations who would otherwise have remained silent.

Sherry, however, quotes two statements by his subject that suggest a subtext to this chummy arrangement: "When I read Christopher Sykes's *Evelyn Waugh* I felt I had done right in agreeing to Sherry undertaking me. He has the great advantage of not knowing me." And once, sending a world map marking the bewildering number of places he had visited, Greene added, "You are my biographer, *you* date my journeys." It is as though Greene were intrigued to see what picture Sherry might construct given minimal assistance. There is even a hint of mischievous obstruction. The interviews with Greene add nothing to his own accounts. The diaries are mutilated (most of the interesting passages had already been used in *A Sort of Life*); the friends (with the exception of Cockburn) circumspect. The result is that Sherry often writes of Greene as though he were dead. Rather than indulge in ludicrous speculation, we constantly wish to cry, why not *ask* the man to settle the matter? But he doesn't, or won't, or can't.

Greene (like Waugh) has always denied the notion of single "models" for his characters. Sherry's whole method depends upon ignoring this. Relentlessly he has toured the world on research scholarships, dogging his master's footsteps in the quest for "originals." And what startling discoveries are made at such great expense? The Iron Age villages of Liberia, we learn, are still there just as Greene saw them. Well . . . yes, but what of the models?

The preface promises trips to "exotic and dangerous [places], and meetings with some very extraordinary people, including one with the original of the Judas figure of *The Power and the Glory*, whom I tracked down in Mexico." We have to wait a long time for this but it is worth it when it comes:

> Don Pelito was sitting on a wooden bench. He was only 4 feet 6 inches tall. His hair was dirty; everything about him was dirty; there was soft grit on his hand. (I realized afterward that it was excrement.) . . . He answered questions in a slow, mumbling, yet rather delicate voice, but nothing made sense, though about simple matters he could be lucid. When asked if he was well he replied that he was, but troubled because his feet were being bitten by rats.

That is all. It seems strange that a comic analogy with *Heart of Darkness* did not spring to the mind of a Conrad scholar. Having at last found his Kurtz, Sherry discovers a toothless, insane midget who greets him with a handful of something worse than dust. Exit Mr. Greene, smiling, round another corner.

You Can't Even Talk about It

JEFFREY HART

A wise reviewer will go to almost any length to avoid such words as I am going to use, lest his reader suspect that he is smoking something strange or else is secretly receiving an emolument from the book's publisher. But the truth is the truth, and here goes. Paul Fussell's new book is a masterpiece. It brings us important new cultural knowledge, a rare achievement. Its overall thesis is powerful and persuasive. Its local insights are numerous and very rich. You turn the final page with a sense of melancholy, for now you have read it and, alas, there is no more.

Fussell's argument is that we do not *know* the war that was fought between 1939 and 1945, and for two reasons. First, all the regular organs of information—government statements, press, radio, advertising, motion pictures, and the "literature" produced by such writers as MacLeish, Sandburg, Millay, and countless others—concealed the nature of the "real war" through sentimentality and propagandistic high-mindedness.

Wartime: Understanding and Behavior in the Second World War, by Paul Fussell (Oxford, 330 pp., $19.95).

Second, the horror of combat reached a pitch that was incommensurate with the human imagination. Even a book like *Wartime*, which makes a heroic effort at honesty, cannot finally communicate the existential reality. In the end, silence is the commensurate language of World War II.

> If you asked a wounded soldier or Marine what hit him, you'd hardly be ready for the answer, "My buddy's head," or his sergeant's heel or his hand, or a Japanese leg complete with shoe and puttees, or the West Point ring on his captain's severed hand.
>
> It was common throughout the Okinawa campaign for replacements to get hit before we knew their names. They came up confused, frightened, and hopeful, got wounded or killed and went right back to the rear on the route by which they had come, shocked, bleeding, or stiff. They were forlorn figures coming up to the great meat-grinder and going right back out of it like homeless waifs, unknown and faceless to us, like unread books on a shelf.

But no photograph, either official or in such publications as *Life*, showed an Allied soldier dismembered. Even relatively honest journalists like Ernie Pyle cooperated with the "war effort," and mortal American wounds were always clean and dignified.

Then there were the still larger lies, which even now have penetrated

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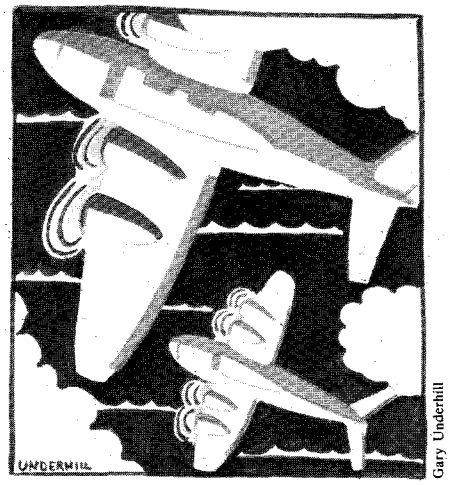
the historiography of the war. The troops

> knew that despite the advertising and publicity their arms and equipment were worse than the Germans'. They knew that their automatic rifles (World War One vintage) were slower and clumsier, and they knew the Germans had a much better light machine gun. They knew that despite official assertions to the contrary, the Germans had real smokeless powder for their small arms and that they did not. They knew that their own tanks, both American and British, were ridiculously under-armed and under-armored, so that they were inevitably destroyed in an open encounter with an equal number of German Panzers . . . And they knew that the greatest single weapon of the war, the atomic bomb excepted, was the German 88-mm. flat-trajectory gun, which brought down thousands of bombers and tens of thousands of soldiers. The Allies had nothing as good, despite one of them designating itself The World's Greatest Industrial Power.

Perhaps as shocking—or even more so given the widespread view that in World War II at least the "issues" were clear—is Fussell's chapter "The Ideological Vacuum." Few of those fighting it could discern what the war was all about. For most men, it was simply a bad job that had to be got through.

> Randall Jarrell says: "99 of 100 people in the army haven't the faintest idea what the war's about. Their two strongest motives are a) nationalism . . . and b) race prejudice—they dislike Japanese in the same way, though not as much as, they dislike Negroes."
>
> "The Marines didn't know what to believe in," Robert Sherrod reported from Tarawa, "except the Marine Corps."
>
> John Hersey asked the Marines on Guadalcanal "What are you fighting for?" . . . "To get the goddam thing over and get home."

Here we see a sharp difference between the two world wars. Men like Hemingway went over idealistically in 1918. Hemingway was a Wilsonian, shattered by what he experienced. His understated prose communicates hurt and rage. In World War II there were no illusions to begin with. Asked in 1940 what he felt about the war, E. M. Forster replied: "I don't want to lose it. I don't expect Victory (with a big V!) and I can't join in any



Gary Underhill

build-a-new-world stuff. Once in a lifetime one can swallow that, but not twice."

Fussell's highly original chapter "Fresh Idiom" brings to bear his formidable talents as a literary critic. The troops who knew the facts created a subversive idiom and an oral tradition of rebellious songs as a way of protecting the integrity of their experience from the sea of official lies. Virtually all of this material is obscene, but cleaner than the lies. For instance this song, sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body":

We'd been flying all day long at
one hundred f-----g feet,
The weather f-----g awful, f-----g
rain and f-----g sleet;
The compass it was swinging
f-----g south and f-----g north,
But we made a f-----g landing in
the Firth of f-----g Forth.

In the real war, the pilots were not exactly "Coming In on a Wing and a Prayer," as the popular song had it.

Those who lived through the Second World War here at home, and those who are too young to remember the war and have been brought up on scholarly "histories," will experience this splendid book as a cold shock of intelligent perception.

To all of this, I have only one addition to make. Fussell focuses on the experience of the "real war" at combat level, as he himself experienced it in France. However, was there not also a "real war" at the highest planning levels? And did not this provide a rationale, at least, for all the horror?

What the Roosevelt Administration saw during the 1930s was the rise of two new would-be imperial powers: 1) Japan, which was consolidating its hegemony in Asia through the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, and looking to pick up British, French, and Dutch possessions (with their resources of rubber, oil, and tin), and even threatening the Philippines and Australia; and 2) Germany, with the military potential to build a Continental system that might stretch from the English Channel to the Black Sea, perhaps extending its commercial and political influence to Latin America. The regimes in Tokyo and Berlin would be autarkic, xenophobic, and implacably hostile to American interests. The international environment would be poisonous.

Pearl Harbor was therefore not "unprovoked aggression." Roosevelt had been pouring arms into China and, in 1940, cut off oil to the Japanese fleet. Our destroyers in 1940 were chasing U-boats up to a thousand miles into the Atlantic. The *rationale* from a cold-eyed perspective in Washington was geopolitical and based upon power calculations, admittedly not such considerations as could easily be communicated by Betty Grable or Archibald MacLeish.

The Grandmaster's Strategy

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Hugh Kenner never does what one expects a critic to do, which makes him the appropriate explicator of modernist literature, which doesn't do what the nineteenth century (which means most of us) expects it to do. He doesn't act as moral judge, aesthetic arbiter, or herald of fashion. He's more like a mechanic (he's the author of *The Mechanic Muse*) who explains how things work, and lets you decide what to do with them. Your first impression is likely to be that his concerns are narrow, quirky. But his stream of unclassifia-

Mazes, by Hugh Kenner (North Point Press, 320 pp., $22.95)

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ble insights and an unrivaled flash of phrase keep you reading, delighted and pleasantly puzzled.

Mazes is a collection of articles he has published here and there over the last twenty years not only touching but connecting an impressive range of subjects: Einstein, silent movies, Irish politics, fractal geometry, photography, the making of reference books, literary biography, Ezra Pound and music, King Kong, irony, semiotics, architecture, the obsolescence of the art museum, the logic of untidy desks. The variety of his topics is no more wonderful than the accuracy of perception he brings to each. After reading Kenner on X, you feel you've suddenly, after many years, stopped seeing X through bleary lenses.

Mazes can be admired as a display of versatility, but it's better read as a series of illustrations of how mind, untrammeled by conventional definitions and attitudes, can apprehend nearly anything. Mind itself is among the things whose workings interest Kenner. He has used Buckminster Fuller to illuminate Pound (in *The Pound Era*), and vice versa (in *Bucky*). On minds of this order, analysis itself bestows a detailed appreciation that has no need of encomium. Pound is great not because *The Cantos* is better than, equal to, or nearly as good as *The Divine Comedy*, but because it represents an irreversible breakthrough in the performance of an essential human activity, as the Wright brothers changed locomotion. It no more matters that Pound recanted his cantos than that Wilbur Wright might have decided in retrospect that man wasn't meant to fly.

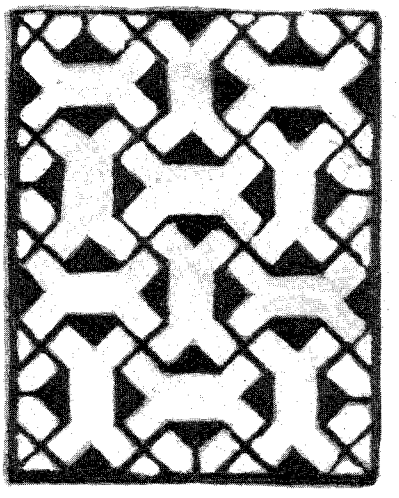
Unlike many critics, whose lifetimes studying Swift and Joyce somehow eventuate in prose that lumbers like an arthritic mastodon, Kenner has absorbed the power of literature into his own style. His sentences—sparkling, elliptical—forgo the commonplace as a grandmaster disdains the obvious move, and you may miss their strategy until they triumph in a marvel of succinctness.

Consider his quick summary of structural linguistics, in an essay on Roland Barthes. What makes a language a language, when its various speakers may have many different ways of pronouncing the same word? "What makes it the 'same' word?"

> What we are after is what [Ferdinand de] Saussure called *langue*, the system within which understanding takes place. Sounds never match exactly, and if they had to, understanding would be hopeless. What does match is a set of internal distinctions, observed by both speakers. That set is *la langue*.

Then: "So a language is not a collection of tape-recordable sounds, but *a set of systematic differences*, and the sounds are only there to encode the differences." Checkmate.

Kenner's prose is made disconcerting by the absence of all the irrelevancies your literary nervous system has been trained to expect. It seems oblique and blunt at the same time, like Pound's definition of a professor (which he loves to quote): "a man who is paid to talk for an hour." Kenner abounds in such puck-



ish reduction, taking as he does a deep interest in the superficial. The exegete of Buster Keaton and *King Kong* ("the last of many remakes in many media of *Paradise Lost*") especially loves to deflate Art: "An operational definition would be this, that Art is whatever Art Historians find they can talk about with sufficient involvement." Better yet (because more provocative):

> Wireless, transmitting sounds and later pictures, was to terminate printed fiction and live drama as the normative media for entertainment; the play, the short story, in part the novel, became "art forms," art being the name we give an abandoned genre. (So television turns old movies into an art called "cinema.")

Likewise, "the museum . . . has a literary equivalent, the annotated edition, being the repository of poems no longer responded to as formerly, and so turned into teaching machines." Of course Kenner is well aware of the book itself as a form of machinery, to be partly superseded by other machines:

> The dialogue of Henry James's people is wordier by a factor of at least three than any speech human ears have ever heard. James was making up for the absence from printed pages of what normal grammar and diction do little to convey, the ballet of interaction. (He brought written prose to its extreme of articulation just before radio took over.)

The reference book is a special kind of machine (one of them, Kenner finds, "here and there emits little telltale flatulences," signs of slack craftsmanship), and the novel can be seen as having its origins as a how-to book: "The greatest how-to book in history is *Robinson Crusoe*, but the English let the genre lapse. Or we might say that their novelists became preoccupied with the how-to of social maneuvering." Then again, Kenner suggests that computer handbooks sell so spectacularly well because they serve as "escape reading."

If all this intellectual bustin'-up-the-joint reminds you somewhat of Marshall McLuhan, well, he and Kenner were grad-school pals. (On one pilgrimage they met Pound together. Those three convening in a loony bin—one forgotten, two still unknown—make a subject for which I can think of no adequate predicate.) *Mazes* has two lovely pieces about McLuhan, which include one sharp aphorism ("His point was that there is never a 'point'"), one great witticism ("I have sometimes wondered if Marshall didn't evolve his whole theory of media as a way to explain why there seemed to be people who tried to interrupt his monologues"), and a precis of McLuhan's thought that makes splendid sense of the inscrutable wizard in two short paragraphs. Now and then I think the rest of us are just rough drafts awaiting Hugh Kenner's revision, when, if we're lucky enough to warrant his attention, we'll meet our mumbled intuitions in his crisp, inspired paraphrase.

Though at first the directions of Kenner's interest may seem eccentric, like Sherlock Holmes's preliminary inquiries, they pay off. He has a gift for spotting cranks who are barking

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up the right tree, in spite of all received wisdom. The conventional is no more than a convenience, after all, destined to lapse under eventual new pressures. "The style of your own time is always invisible," Kenner has written; it becomes visible only by passing away. But the reader of *Mazes* will get privileged glimpses of that style, and of a world not refracted through that style's sentimentalisms.

Fighting The Good Fight

RONALD RADOSH

Writing in *The Nation* in 1967, Christopher Lasch presented what became the generally accepted judgment on the Congress for Cultural Freedom. According to Lasch, the Congress published works that served "as rationalizations of American world power," held meetings that preached "the immorality of neutralism," and worked with liberals whose views were "indistinguishable from those of the Right." The American branch of the Congress was, Lasch wrote, "a coalition of liberals and reactionaries who shared a conspiratorial view of Communism." These intellectuals may have believed in "cultural freedom," but, like their Soviet counterparts, they were not free men. Indeed, the American intellectuals were almost pathetic, since they *thought* they were acting and thinking independently, while in reality they were "servants . . . of the secret police." Having once served the Communists, they now served the CIA. In both cases, they served a lie.

Given the wide acceptance of Lasch's interpretation, it is about time someone came along to look at the real history and meaning of the Congress, removed from the frenzy of the 1960s. This job has been undertaken (adequately, if sometimes a bit tediously) by Peter Coleman, editor of the Australian journal *Quadrant*, one of the periodicals created by the Congress. [See Mr. Coleman's "The Brief Life of Liberal Anti-Communism," *NR*, Sept. 15.]

The Congress was founded early in the cold war, at a moment when the Soviets had the field to themselves in the world propaganda battle. As Coleman shows, the Congress achieved some major victories. Through the journals it funded, the conferences it convened, and the international protests it organized, it kept "the issues of Soviet totalitarianism and liberal anti-Communism to the fore in a frequently hostile environment." By the end of the 1950s, as a result of its work alone, "the propaganda of the Soviet Union and its fellow-travelers was no longer credible."

The Liberal Conspiracy: The Congress for Cultural Freedom and the Struggle for the Mind of Postwar Europe (Free Press, 350 pp., $22.95)

Rather than being reactionaries or even conservatives, the Congress intellectuals were by and large liberals, social democrats, and even democratic socialists. Indeed, the very premise of U.S. support for the work of the Congress was that supporting "the non-Communist Left" would be the most effective response to the appeal of the totalitarian (pro-Soviet) Left in Europe. It was for this reason that many followers of Senator Joseph McCarthy distrusted the Congress and saw it as a hotbed of radicalism.

The Congress went through three phases: from 1950 to 1958, when conferences and rallies were held to mount an offensive against the Communists and their allies; from 1958 to 1964, when the Congress helped create a community of Atlanticist, pro-NATO intellectuals, even reaching out toward dissidents within the Soviet Union and its satellites; and from 1964 until 1968, when the Congress floundered, as Vietnam disrupted unity within the American liberal community, and the revelations of CIA funding permanently harmed the image and effectiveness of the Congress.

Throughout the book one relishes the words and actions of that brave and noble group of postwar intellectuals, including such luminaries as Franz Borkenau, Arthur Koestler, Sidney Hook, Nicolas Nabokov, Dwight Macdonald, Mary McCarthy, Sol Levitas, Bertrand Russell, Boris Souvarine, Anton Ciliga, Richard Lowenthal, Manés Sperber, and Ignazio Silone, and including also the Congress's remarkable organizer (and later CIA agent within the Congress) Michael Josselson. It was these people, George Kennan wrote, "who have done more to hold our world together" than any other group. But, as he all too accurately predicted to Nabokov, "few [in the United States] will ever understand the dimensions and the significance of your accomplishments."

Even in its heyday, Coleman shows, it was not all wine and roses for the Congress. Nicolas Nabokov favored building an organization "for war . . . with a view to action." Sidney Hook argued that with "a hundred million dollars and a thousand dedicated people," he would be able to "generate such a wave of democratic unrest among the masses . . . of Stalin's own empire, that all [his] problems . . . will be internal." But others in the Congress favored a more subdued stance, fearing that undue militancy among American supporters would undermine the appeal of the Congress to left-leaning European intellectuals. H. R. Trevor-Roper strenuously objected to the Congress's stand against neutralism, which he said amounted to an illiberal ban on Western European Communist parties. Arthur Koestler's strong leadership was condemned by Altiero Spinelli, who argued that ex-Communists showed the same kind of "Communist intolerance" that would "reduce us all to rubble."

Later, some leading Congress figures began to drift toward neutralism themselves. Bertrand Russell, in particular, threatened several times to resign from membership and was perhaps the first European intellectual to sound the theme that America and the USSR were moral equivalents. What upset Russell, Trevor-Roper, and others was the fraudulent charge that the American Committee for Cultural Freedom was McCarthyist, a charge based largely on the refusal of the Americans to support clemency for the Rosenbergs, whom

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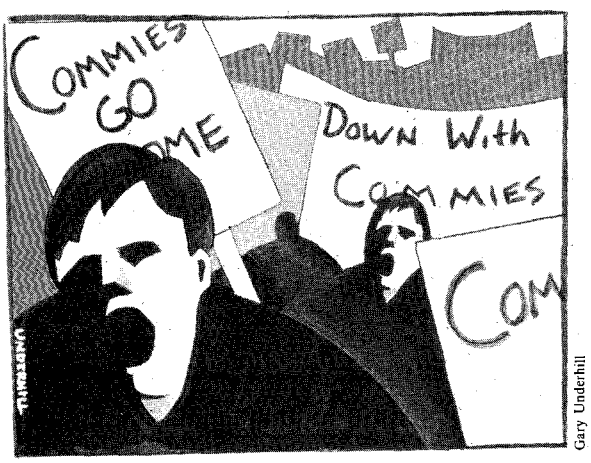
many Europeans saw as innocent victims of American fascism. What the Europeans failed to acknowledge was the Americans' genuine belief in the Rosenbergs' guilt. (Lasch repeats the Europeans' charge, arguing foolishly that those who declared the Rosenbergs guilty ignored "the disputed facts of the case.") Russell now compared America to "other police states such as Nazi Germany and Stalin's Russia." Josselson, the CIA director of the Congress, pleaded with Hook not to demand Russell's head, because of what Russell's name "on our masthead has meant to our international reputation." Josselson even threatened to join in a "rebuke to the American committee." Others, such as Diana Trilling, stood firm. "How untruthful about America may a man be?" she asked. Nabokov went further. Detailing from his own experience exactly what a police state was like (it included concentration camps, mass murder, and rigged trials), he bluntly informed Russell that such a "description hardly fits the United States of America."

Sadly, the CIA funding seems to be the only thing most people remember about the Congress. The leftists who concluded that Congress intellectuals were no different from Soviet intellectuals have failed to consider that American power was, in fact, functioning on the right side of a world struggle against totalitarianism, and that such support as was provided by the CIA was useful and necessary in the early cold-war era. Ironically, Coleman reveals that Josselson, the hated CIA operative within the Congress, was most anxious to "direct the Congress away from its cold-war perspectives" and prove that the group was not "a tool of the U.S. Government." And during the Vietnam War, Coleman notes, Josselson adopted the antiwar position of Galbraith, Schlesinger, and Lowenthal, even going so far as to break off correspondence with pro-war Australian affiliates. Josselson explained that he agreed with George McGovern that Vietnam was "the most regrettable diplomatic, political, and moral failure in our national history." All of this was to no avail. The CIA funding was discovered and used to condemn totally the heroic efforts of a generation of liberal and left anti-Communists, who fought the good fight at a time of tremendous Stalinist influence in Europe.

The Congress's collapse led some Congress veterans into neo-conservatism and others to a thinly disguised anti-Americanism. One cannot read *The Liberal Conspiracy* and not be struck by the irony of John K. Galbraith, who saw his participation in many Congress seminars as a high point of the intellectual struggle, presenting the keynote address at the pro-Communist Harvard Conference on Anti-Communism last year; or of Tom Braden—who bragged in his famous 1967 *Saturday Evening Post* article about how the CIA funded *Encounter* and anti-Communists in the labor movement—now uncritically defending Far Left initiatives on *Crossfire*. Perhaps NATIONAL REVIEW's James Burnham was correct in his observation that the non-Communist Left ended up "undermining the nation's will and hampering or sabotaging the nation's security," although I think he was wide of the mark in wholly dismissing anti-Communist liberalism.

In the end, it is the issue of CIA support that looms largest. George Kennan saw the "flap about CIA money" as "quite unwarranted," and proclaimed that he "never felt the lightest pangs of conscience about it." Arthur Schlesinger defended the Congress by pointing out that during the waning days of Stalinism, the non-Communist intellectuals "were under the most severe, unscrupulous, and unrelenting pressure. For the United States government to have stood self-righteously aside . . . would have seemed to me far more harmful than to do what, in fact, it did"—i.e., to give subsidies "to help [the Congress] do better what they were doing anyway." Coleman observes that none of the Congress's critics "attempted . . . any answer to Schlesinger's argument."

Kennan and Schlesinger were proved right. Peter Coleman argues that CIA funding may have continued after it was no longer needed, but it is time to admit that it did no harm. It aided a vital organization to do a necessary job. For establishing this fact and for offering the first documented corrective to the deplorable Lasch thesis, Coleman has earned our gratitude.



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Campus Cut-Up

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

It was no surprise that the death of Raymond Carver a year ago elicited confessions of his influence from a range of our youngest novelists and short-story writers. As Jay McInerney attested most recently, in *The New York Times Book Review*, for many writers of his generation, "encountering Carver's fiction early in the 1970s was a transforming experience . . . perhaps comparable to discovering Hemingway's sentences in the Twenties." You might go further and say that among such young writers as have any sense of style at all, a pretty comprehensive division can be seen: between those who fancy themselves experimentalists—mostly pale young women writing pale imitations of Gabriel García Márquez—and their opposites, the realists, the followers of Carver. Among these latter, David Lipsky now emerges as one of the freshest and most appealing.

Lipsky first attracted attention when this collection's title story, published originally in *The New Yorker*, appeared in *The Best American Short Stories of 1986*, edited that year by, yes, Raymond Carver. In that story, as in most of the other ten collected in this book, you hear the melody of Carver's fiction. Not the lyrics, just the melody: the blunt, staccato sentences that manage to sound at once urgent and quietly conversational, sometimes even a little distracted, as if the author's words hadn't been written down at first, but spoken into a tape recorder.

Lipsky distinguishes himself, though, by the ways in which his fiction differs from Carver's. For Carver, literary realism meant writing about

Three Thousand Dollars, by David Lipsky (Summit, 201 pp., $18.95)

Real People with Real Problems. Waitresses and traveling salesmen, trailer parks and hunting trips, divorce, unemployment, and alcoholism—low-rent tragedy, as he called it. Even his poetry—with titles like "Drinking while Driving" and "Looking for Work"—reflected this depressing preoccupation with Middle American grit. Lipsky's characters, on the other hand, go to Ivy League colleges, or have just graduated and gone on in search of good jobs in New York. Some vacation in the Hamptons, others have a place in Connecticut.

And so it is that one of the pleasures of David Lipsky—absent in Carver for most of his readers—is the pleasure of recognition. Again and again, reading Lipsky's stories is like

noticing, among the grainy faces in a news-photo street scene: yourself, a relative, a friend. In one such story, "Garden," not long after fleeing graduate school for a tenement apartment on West 20th Street, 24-year-old Leonard watches as his friends succumb one by one to "intimations of mortality." One calls from California, certain, at 85 heartbeats per minute, that he is having a heart attack. Others worry about brain tumors, or a suspicious configuration of moles. Eventually, Leonard recalls a brief affair with a woman who had once slept with a male ballet dancer. Soon our protagonist decides he has AIDS, for proof of which he searches his body each morning. This is refreshing stuff. Lipsky may be the first writer of any kind to have published a comic story about AIDS.

What "Garden" does for the immediately post-college experience, other stories do for college itself. Lipsky captures certain campus types with an attractive brutality. In "Lights" the narrator courts tall, slim, beautiful Judy, who begins most mornings by vomiting in the bathroom. "Like most intelligent women," Lipsky observes, "Judy had at one time in her life had an eating disorder."

From AIDS to fashionable bulimia, in fact, Lipsky's comic realism is at its most delightful as it raids the storehouse of his generation's most cherished pieties. His best college story is "Relativity," the middle pages of which distill so much, and with such accuracy, about undergraduate life at Brown University that they balance dangerously on the edge of journalism. In this story, Ross Tifton, terrorized through most of his junior year by a crazed transfer student named Tom Creely, whom the administration refuses to restrain, comes to observe the degree to which the modern habit of seeing justice in injustice—and, conversely, injustice in nothing at all—has infected not just the Brown administrators but, at that university anyway, the whole of student culture. Black students on campus, for example,

> had formed two umbrella organizations, the Third World Coalition and the Organization of United African Peoples (a boy Ross had known at Dalton was president of the OUAP—he'd grown up near Ross, on East 87th Street). They were mostly concerned with the "Eurocentrism" of Brown's curriculum. . . . Ross visited the List Art Center to see a show of early abstract art. Instead, in the lobby, he saw a show of student work entitled "Beauty Is in the Eye of the Eurocentric Beholder." The paintings were all of beautiful, powerful-looking black women being squashed out of the picture frame by pretty blond white girls in frilly clothes. In one, *Say What?*, a poor black girl in tribal dress stared sufferingly out at the viewer from one end of a long horizontal canvas, while at the other a diamond-earringed white girl, oblivious, sang along with the music coming out of her Walkman.

Likewise Brown's legions of semioticians, trendy followers of deconstructionism: "thin, exquisitely unhappy-looking women with prematurely drawn faces, as if the rigors of their discipline—having been exposed, at such a young age, to the evil clockwork levers and gears behind the seemingly benevolent face of the world—had sucked all the life out of them." In Ross's American literature course, a black

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girl, inspired by this novel approach to the study of culture,

> asked the professor why, in *Huck Finn*, the author had deliberately left out half the human race. The professor paused, then began to explain, delicately, that the runaway Jim was in fact a model portrayal of a black man, the most realistic of its period. The girl shook her head firmly and said, "No, I mean women." The professor was at a loss. He finally invited discussion, and Ross felt it would have been stupid to point out that the story Twain had chosen to tell was about two men on a raft.

That Lipsky opts against writing about Real People with Real Problems makes him not only a funnier and more biting writer than most of Carver's other followers; it also helps him to achieve certain emotional effects their fiction cannot. The problem with typical Carveresque characters is that they are too low to the ground to start with. The result is that, among the kind of people who read literary fiction, the best these characters can do is evoke pity, mixed with contempt.

By writing to his audience, however, Lipsky is able to produce a modest but genuine kind of pain. His characters are people of promise for whom the promise never seems to be kept. In "Relativity," Ross remembers that, before coming to Brown, he had imagined college as something out of F. Scott Fitzgerald. "Reading *The Great Gatsby*, he'd been struck particularly by the train ride home from New Haven, the gallant, sophisticated students stalking through the train stations of the old Northeast. Ross wanted there to be train stations, tall trees, Georgian buildings, mammoth libraries with ceilings like inverted ship-hulls." What he gets instead is Tom Creely, semiotics, and the Organization of United African People. In "March 1, 1987," Michael is rejected by Jill and so ends up settling for her housemate, a girl who calls him on the telephone to talk about how many popcorn kernels popped in a batch she had prepared the other night. Not only will he never have Jill, he reflects, but "his life will be an increasing series of nevers."

Lipsky isn't Carver, nor does he want to be. What he has to say about his generation has been waiting impatiently to be said for some time. With the publication of this collection, he has come into his own.

FILM

The Enemy Was Us

JOHN SIMON

Brian De Palma, who makes films in which women are brutally murdered, and David Rabe, a Vietnam veteran who writes plays about that war, have teamed up as director and screenwriter for *Casualties of War*, about an American platoon in Vietnam that kidnaps, gang-rapes, and finally kills a pretty, teen-aged Vietnamese farm girl. The film is based on Daniel Lang's 1969 *New Yorker* article, later published as a book. This is the true story as told by Private "Sven Eriksson" (only the names have been changed), the one member of the five-man squad opposed to the rape, who tried to stop it but couldn't, tried to save the girl's life but failed, suffered terrible pangs of conscience but, against overwhelming pressure from above, managed at least to bring his comrades to trial. It is an ugly and important story, and although I admire De Palma for telling it—some of it very well—I deplore the way he ultimately flubs it.

The film is already stirring up controversy. Movie critics are vehemently divided, veterans' organizations have lodged angry protests in Washington, David Rabe has registered his unhappiness with what De Palma did to his script. There *should* be discussion of the movie and the events that prompted it, and it is good that the tale on film will get out among people who, alas, do not read. But it is disheartening that De Palma saw fit to fudge the ending—or was his arm twisted by Dawn Steel, the president of Columbia Pictures? Could that steely executive have insisted on giving the customers some release, some hope, some heavenly choirs?

I haven't read Lang's book, but gather that one-third of it deals with the court-martial of the four men. De Palma telescopes the trial scenes into a relatively brief montage and concentrates instead, after some fictionalized combat scenes, on the true events involving the girl Oanh (the one name Lang did not change). For this he has already caught some flak from Frances FitzGerald, Vietnam correspondent and feminist, for having made "a sado-porn flick coated with sentimentality and laced with every cliché of the Vietnam War." That is not a fair assessment. The sentimentality does not come in till the end, the rape is treated forcefully but discreetly, and though the dialogue has a few clunky moments, it is superior to that of *Platoon*, *Full Metal Jacket*, etc.

Some military details are wrong, however, and there are other lapses. Thus the scenes in which the squad engages the Cong across a river, the endlessly drawn-out killing of Oanh, the absurd way the hitherto canny Sergeant Meserve exposes his men and himself to the enemy, the equally absurd way none of them gets hit even as an American gunboat coming down the river is blown to bits by VC copters—all this, though crudely effective, has unfortunate overtones of *The Wild Bunch* and even *Duel in the Sun*. Throughout the film, De Palma will follow up something believable and powerful with something contrived and crassly manipulative.

Take the opening scene, in which young Eriksson, new to Vietnam and with a wife and baby daughter back home, finds himself in the thick of jungle warfare. The confusion is well conveyed. But then he sinks up to his waist into a Vietcong tunnel that gives way. He is stuck, legs dangling underground, shells bursting all around him, palm trees turning into huge, closing-in torches. No one hears his calls for help: nothing like a battle to leave you isolated, alone. Next we see the Cong advancing through the tunnel, crouching as they run; but one fierce fellow, knife in his teeth and headed for those dangling legs, suddenly has to crawl—that way you can milk the suspense interminably. But tough young Sergeant Meserve, in the nick of time, pulls his man out and blasts the creepy-crawly to kingdom

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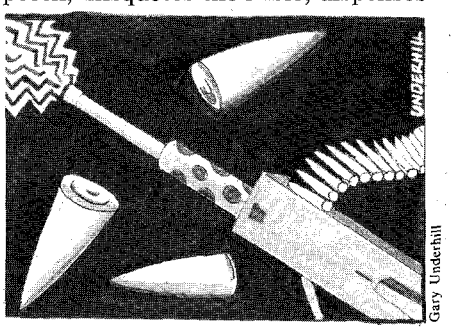
come. A calculated effect, to say the least.

Next, we're in a peaceful-seeming village, where Eriksson helps an old farmer plow with a team of buffaloes; Sven is so naive he even accepts a gift of food from the villagers. Meserve and Brownie, a jolly black soldier (the two buddies are soon to be shipped stateside), lecture him about gullibility. The peasants imperceptibly make themselves scarce; VC, disguised as farmers, start hurling grenades; Brownie, with his arm around Sven, is hit in the throat by a sniper. Meserve performs wonders for his friend, stanching the jet of blood, boosting his morale. A chopper appears and evacuates Brownie, but we know he is dying. All this is shot, edited, acted dazzlingly. Best of all is the sequence back at base camp: Meserve shaves with a straight razor, says nothing while the camera seems glued to him; we sense that quietly, inwardly, he is going nuts. Sean Penn acts this superlatively.

Meserve and the chief brutes in his squad—Corporal Clark, a classic beast, and Hatcher, a grinning idiot—are unable to get release from their pent-up emotions with the local whores; an MP stops them from leaving camp: tonight it's the VC's turn with the girls. There is something monstrously preposterous about this punctilio at the heart of chaos. Enraged, Meserve announces to the squad, ordered on a five-day mission into the highlands, that they will "requisition" a village girl for "a little portable R&R." If anything goes wrong, she was just "a Vietcong whore" killed during questioning. The scene of the girl's night-time abduction—her and her family's terror, Eriksson's helpless consternation—is bone-chillingly effective. But then comes a false touch: the agonized mother runs after her captured, frightened daughter with a scarf for the "journey"—a scarf with which the bestial Clark promptly gags the girl who is crying out in her language.

This scarf does not belong in the steamy jungle. But De Palma needs it for a parallel effect in his epilogue, a bit of gimmickry that will prove profoundly offensive. On the march into the highlands, the wretched girl is obliged to carry the pack of one of her tormentors; it bloodies her back (Christ carrying the Cross?). Effective, too, is the capitulation of Diaz, the Hispanic squad member. He was going to help Sven defend the girl, but yields to vicious taunts impugning his masculinity and to his fear of being abandoned in combat. The gang rape itself is horrible though comparatively downplayed; the main horror is in the condition of Oanh, physical and psychological, after being ravaged for two days. Thuy Thu Le, a Vietnamese refugee who had never acted before, plays Oanh, who cannot even complain in English, heartrendingly, sublimely.

But now, again, two false notes. Eriksson, whose attempts to help have been beaten back by the others, stands on guard in a nocturnal downpour; though blameless, he is tormented with guilt. Now Meserve joins him, makes a ranting postcoital speech, misquotes the Bible, dispenses



Gary Underhill

half-confessional, half-defiant madness. This is the movie's attempt to heighten mere horror into the hallucinatory, the surreal. It fails—as does Eriksson's riven silence in a long, tight close-up, the blue-green rain pouring off his face in a slow-motion halo effect. Pauline Kael comments: "De Palma has such seductive, virtuoso control of film craft that he can express convulsions in the unconscious." Maybe De Palma can; but Michael J. Fox, as Eriksson, can't. He is an honest, small actor—and I don't mean his 5'2" frame—but what is needed here is inspired acting of the sort Penn sometimes achieves (at other times, he is forcing it). The real, rending truth is in Thuy Thu Le's incomprehensible gibbering—in a language the others don't understand, in a pain no one can comprehend. And, later, in her broken moans, and, still later, in her lacerating cough, which Meserve claims will give away their position, and which he turns into an excuse for killing her.

I need not dwell on the horror that follows, but scarcely less horrifying are the vain attempts of Eriksson, driven by his Lutheran conscience, to bring the others to justice. The ever-higher-ranking officers, all bent on quashing his efforts, are pungently and ever-more-appallingly conveyed. An attempt by Clark on Sven's life is exciting, but out of key with the rest of the movie. And the retaliation—puny Michael J. Fox flattening the neo-Neanderthal Don Harvey (a terrifyingly good performance) with one blow of a spade as his buddies watch and daren't intervene—simply strains credibility. The foreshortened court-martial, including some tricky dissolves, is all right, but we are cheated out of the final confrontation between Sven and Meserve. Instead, the strongest encounter is an earlier one, when Sven tries to help Oanh escape, but they hesitate and are lost. That should be, and is, climactic; but not to match it here with another climax is a miscalculation.

And now for the frame story. In a prologue, Sven sees a beautiful Vietnamese girl riding in his subway car in San Francisco; he falls into a grief-stricken reverie. Is, then, the main story merely a dream? Well might you ask. As the main story ends, and the culprits are given stiffer sentences than they got in real life (a signal piece of dishonesty), we are back on that S.F. train. The girl gets off at a stop and heads for a lovely grassy knoll. But she left her scarf (!) behind; Sven runs after her with it. She had noticed him staring at her—does she remind him of someone? Yes. (She, too, is played by Thuy Thu Le.) Out of left field, as the music swells, she offers absolution: "You had a bad dream. It's over, I think." The music swells some more.

Where are Eriksson's wife and child we have been hearing about? Why does Eriksson/Fox look the same age as he did in Vietnam: twelve? Why are we in this very lovely and very public setting? (The real Eriksson, still afraid for his and his family's safety, hides somewhere in the Midwest.) Here all is well: the guilty are put away for decades, Eriksson is absolved by an avatar of Oanh, our hero and America are off the hook. If this unparalleled piece of cowardice—a *J'accuse* turned into a *J'accepte*—was the price of getting the movie made, better perhaps it had not been made at all.

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MUSIC

The First Lady

MICHAEL SWEELEY

On August 13, an extraordinary open-air concert took place at the Charles Ives Center in Danbury, Connecticut. Under a threatening sky, Jessye Norman sang, Isaac Stern played, and Julius Rudel conducted. In the large audience, there were many famous faces. They had gathered to celebrate the life of an American woman who is one of the nation's true artistic treasures and most admired human beings.

The lady herself was there, sitting

in the front row. At 87, Marian Anderson, her hair now white, may not have quite the majestic bearing she once had, but her eyes still sparkle and her voice, when she speaks, is still thrilling.

For those old enough (and there are not so many now) the memories came flooding in: in Salzburg, Toscanini telling her, "Yours is a voice heard once in a hundred years"; in Helsinki, Sibelius exclaiming, "The roof of my house is too low for you"; and in Moscow, Stanislavsky trudging through the snow to bring her lilacs and beg her to sing *Carmen*. And who, living then or hearing of it since, can forget that Easter Sunday fifty years ago when, standing at the Lincoln Memorial with an audience of countless thousands stretched out along the Mall before her, Marian Anderson sang beneath the sky because she was denied the stage of Constitution Hall on account of her race?

For just such reasons, Marian Anderson has become an American symbol—so much so that one may forget how accomplished a singer she really was. The extraordinary range, power, and richness of her voice were wedded to a remarkable musicality. The quick, bright vibrato in the middle range, the seemingly boundless top, and the wonderful depth of the lower notes were all combined into one marvelous vocal instrument.

Miss Anderson's recordings, for me, convey only the shadow of her live performances. (The catalogue of her recorded works is comparatively short, for two reasons: RCA Victor brought her to the studio all too infrequently, and she was usually dissatisfied with her performances.) RCA recently released a new CD (7911-2RG) made from pressings many years old. Much of it (and this is true of her other recordings as well) is very beautiful, but missing is the vocal amplitude that could fill every corner and crevice of any auditorium. And recordings, of course, cannot even suggest the majesty of her physical presence.

Her concerts were never just musical events; they were celebrations of communion. Marian Anderson's art always served a higher purpose. She found a vein of spirituality that went straight from her glorious voice to the listener's hungry heart.

Born in Philadelphia to parents of very modest means, Marian Anderson began singing in public with the choir of the Union Baptist Church. Without bitterness, her autobiography tells of her long and arduous struggle to get vocal and musical training. Such opportunities were generally unobtainable for blacks, but, with the help of many well-wishers (and with constant encouragement from her mother), she persevered.

In 1925, at Lewisohn Stadium in New York, she was selected over three hundred others to sing with the New York Philharmonic. There was some praise, but recognition came

Mr. Sweeley is president emeritus of the Caramoor Center for Music and the Arts.

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slowly. It was only when she went to Europe, first to study and then to perform, that her career took off. First Norway and Sweden acclaimed her; then Germany and Austria. In Paris, the impresario Sol Hurok heard her in recital. He had dropped in out of curiosity but stayed, as he later said, because he was "mesmerized and enchanted." Afterward, he went backstage and persuaded her to put her future in his hands.

When she returned to the U.S. in 1935 (her leg in a cast as a result of a shipboard accident), she appeared at New York's Town Hall. The next day, the young Howard Taubman wrote in the *New York Times*: "Marian Anderson has returned to her native land one of the great singers of our time." Hurok immediately scheduled another recital, this time at Carnegie Hall, and, like nearly every Anderson concert for the next forty years, it was sold out.

Today, when racial tensions seem high, it is wise to recall how much things have changed since the 1930s. The United States was a very different place then. Our black citizens were decidedly unwelcome in hotels and restaurants, in cafés and concert halls, even in our most cosmopolitan cities. Marian Anderson was the least aggressive of people, but, with the splendor of her singing and the regal simplicity of her bearing, she brought down barriers in city after city, and opened the way for those who have followed. For the record, it was the Hotel Algonquin that first received her in New York.

No American artist has been as honored as she. She sang at the inaugurations of three American Presidents, the last John Kennedy's. Franklin Roosevelt brought her to the White House to entertain Britain's king and queen. Dwight Eisenhower made her a delegate to the United Nations. She received decorations from the kings of Sweden and Norway, the Empress of Japan, and the governments of France and Finland. With Arthur Rubinstein, Fred Astaire, George Balanchine, and Richard Rodgers, she was among the first to receive the Kennedy Center Honors. Nearly fifty colleges have given her honorary degrees.

Perhaps her greatest triumph came in 1955 when the last closed door in American music was opened to her, and she sang at the Metropolitan Opera. The Met's general manager, Rudolph Bing, not especially known for delicate humor, told the assembled mob of reporters: "I can't think what all this fuss is about; I've signed many fine singers before."

Later, a guard at the stage door said simply, "Welcome home!"

DELECTATIONS

Out of Doors, in Comfort

NIKA HAZELTON

Speaking of picnics again, just as in any other form of entertaining, there are formal affairs and informal ones. The type of food you serve and the amount of trouble taken in the presentation will depend on the finances and inclinations of the picnic-giver. But whichever kind of picnic you are planning, the first step is to be absolutely sure that all of your guests can—and are willing to—walk to the picnic spot you have chosen.

This problem is largely avoided if you are lucky enough to have a house on the beach or near it. In that case, you can invite people to eat supper with you in the open air with a clear conscience, knowing that you will be putting them (and yourself) to a minimum of inconvenience.

When my children were growing up, we would rent a house on Fire Island, near New York City, during the summers for the benefit of them and their numerous guests. In those days we would often eat outside. I would provide a large cauldron of chili, still warm from the stove, or a thick nourishing soup. As at any picnic, I would also offer tomatoes, radishes, green peppers, etc., to eat out of hand; but unlike the sort of picnic I wrote about last time, instead of fruit I would provide lots of cake for dessert to fill out any empty corners in our guests' stomachs.

Every morning that summer I would bake two cakes, one chocolate and one yellow (though not from scratch, for those of you who are purists). To keep a little order in the kitchen, the fridge was forbidden territory until after lunch. After all, even growing boys ought to survive on a breakfast of cereal, bacon, eggs, toast, and marmalade, not to speak of unlimited milk, and tea or coffee. I am still amazed at the incredible quantities of food and soft drinks consumed in those summers filled with childish laughter and mischief.

So I was accustomed to providing plenty of food, but I recall one supper picnic when the thick soup and the masses of cake were not sufficient for the multitudes who turned up. We had decided to have a costume picnic;

I remember dressing like a Fellini nightmare, in a gown made of an old sheet, with an old floppy hat on my head, and I carried a piece of driftwood in the shape of a cross. At the end of the evening I left our gaily costumed guests—Neptunes, gondoliers, gladiators, bankers with rolled-up umbrellas, a galaxy of mermaids—by disappearing into the twilight waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

Earlier, though, there had been a scramble to make sure everyone got enough to eat. I had cooked for about twenty people, which was not enough, and baked six cakes, which all got eaten. I wound up bringing out bread and the week's supply of cold cuts and jam to fill up the guests.

But back to daytime picnics. Last time I wrote about the more formal sort, but you can also have a simple, sandwiches-only picnic. This can be done in two ways. You can lug the sandwiches all together, to be eaten at one time in one spot, or you can give each picnicker his/her own—nicely wrapped up—package of food and tell him/her to eat when he/she pleases. (In deciding which sort of picnic to have, take account of your guests' tastes and how far afield you

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will be straying.) In France or Italy, if you are apt to pass a *salumeria* or *charcuterie*, you can let your guests choose their own vittles. But do not forget the bread that is necessary for all the salamis, terrines, pâtés, etc. And while you will not need knives and forks, even for a sandwich picnic, you still have to bring garbage bags, salt and pepper, and enough soft and hard beverages (*always including water*) to keep your guests happy.

Finally, as a veteran of far too many picnics, I must stress again the chief rule: make absolutely sure that your guests know what to expect and are happy about it; the appropriate time to find out is when you make the invitation. Even some young people do not like to eat *al fresco* if this might involve any discomfort.

But if you decide to go through with it—well then, *en avant*, intrepid outdoor eaters.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Apollo: The Race to the Moon, by Charles Murray and Catherine Bly Cox (Simon & Schuster, 506 pp., $24.95)

Apollo is the story of the engineers and managers who got us to the Moon—the people who were neither glorified nor powerful. It's also the story of a government program that worked. The two factors are not unrelated. The authors bring us from the Eisenhower days, when NASA was a quiet backwater where a few dreamers talked of space travel, through the enormous increase in size and complexity brought on by JFK's macho commitment to a safe Moon landing and return (made only after all his other macho commitments had blown up in his face), and the concomitant bureaucratization of a previously free-wheeling enterprise, to, briefly, the breakup of the "team" in the Seventies. They introduce a cast of characters markedly more creative, colorful, and *fun* than most of us imagine engineers to be, among them Maxime Faget and Caldwell Johnson, the ultimate design team, and quite aware of it; Chris Kraft, Glynn Lunney, Gene Krantz, and other "super-cool" flight controllers, men who made twenty-plus decisions a minute and established a variety of eccentricities to blow off steam; Bill Tindall, the trouble-shooter who actually figured out *how* to get to the moon. For in *Apollo* we follow the creative process on the individual and team level: once given Kennedy's directive, these men were forced to invent, not just the machines and the ways of using them, but an entire sub-culture moved by a collective ideal rarely present on the government payroll. Which is why this Kennedy initiative worked when most others failed: more than technology, the early NASA shaped *men*—men in a brotherhood challenging themselves and the envelope of human achievement.

—MARK CUNNINGHAM

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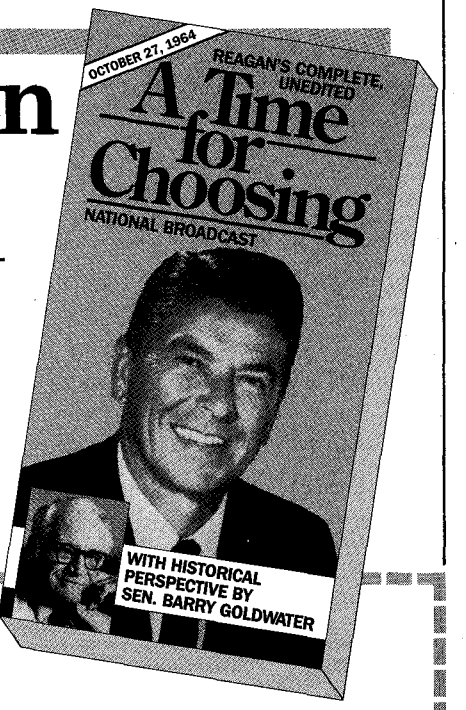

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N. Away from the inner city — 115 69 139 18 104 53 133 31

O. Rolls Royce products — 78 107 143 15 155 34 126

P. Hangover remedy (2 words) — 141 113 29 131 61 45

Q. Take away — 23 54 134 105 65 38 4 90

R. Western alliance — 142 99 70 27

S. A/k/a Cupid — 114 140 13 79

T. Like a Lon Chaney role — 48 138 130 81 62 39 10

1 C	2 M	3 I	4 Q	5 A	6 H		7 J	8 G		9 B	10 T	11 D		12 C	13 S	14 F	15 O	16 K	17 A
	18 N	19 J	20 E	21 I	22 B	23 Q		24 F	25 A	26 L	27 R	28 J	29 P	30 M	31 N		32 D	33 F	34 O
35 B	36 J	37 C	38 Q	39 T	40 K	41 D	42 L		43 A	44 G		45 P	46 C	47 I	48 T	49 H	50 E	51 J	
52 M		53 N	54 Q	55 E	56 I	57 L	58 F		59 C	60 M	61 P	62 T	63 A		64 K	65 Q	66 G	67 J	
68 M	69 N	70 R		71 H	72 I	73 A	74 B	75 E	76 C	77 F	78 O	79 S		80 G	81 T		82 A	83 H	84 D
85 K	86 J		87 E	88 L	89 M	90 Q	91 B		92 K	93 D	94 M		95 D	96 C	97 F	98 H		99 R	100K
101B		102H	103E	104N	105Q	106C	107O	108B		109I	110E	111H	112F	113P	114S	115N		116G	117H
118J	119I		120D	121E	122A	123G	124B	125L	126O		127C	128D	129M	130T		131P	132J		133N
134Q	135C	136F		137E	138T		139N	140S	141P	142R	143O		144L	145D	146C		147K	148I	149F
	150I	151E	152A	153G		154C	155O												

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 69 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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Capital Idea

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The Sources of Racial Discrimination

NEW YORK, AUGUST 25

The most recent act of racial violence in New York City brings to mind an essay written by Professor Thomas Sowell of the Hoover Institution, first published in *Fortune* magazine. "An article in the *Chronicles of Higher Education* last year," writes Mr. Sowell, "referred to the new racism as 'vestiges of the "old" racism.' But when a black student at Harvard has his window shattered by a thrown object and is further harassed by racist phone calls, that is not a 'vestige' of what happened at Harvard thirty years ago, when such behavior would have been unheard of—and when a black student was elected marshal of the class of 1958." My guess is that the author knows what he is talking about. Professor Sowell is black, was a member of the class of 1958 at Harvard, and—I suspect—was the black marshal in question.

Now the kind of violence recently seen in New York when a half-dozen young white thugs ambushed and killed a young black is far removed from the nonchalant racial discrimination one associates with Ivy League folkways. But Mr. Sowell has a complaint here not easy to deal with, and it is his conclusion that the villains in the campus situation are the college and university administrators who have been intimidated by government regulators and by their own rhetoric into doing quite foolish things.

Consider the following data. Mr. Sowell cites the research of a professor at Harvard's Kennedy School who, studying the figures for 1983, reveals that there were fewer than six hundred black students in the entire United States who achieved a composite SAT rating of 1,200 or more (perfect score, 1,600). This is not an inquiry into why this should be so—that is for an entirely different discussion; it is an inquiry into what, the disparity in achievement levels being what it is, tends to happen.

"Among the top engineering schools and departments," writes Mr. Sowell, "there are a dozen or so where the average math SAT score alone is over 700 (out of a possible 800). As of 1988, fewer than eight hundred black, Puerto Rican, Mexican-American, and American-Indian students—put together—scored that high. By contrast, there were more than 6,400 Asian-Americans who scored in the 700s on the math SAT. Yet minority-representation discussions go on in utter disregard of the academic difference in the respective pools of students. Some critics have even singled out engineering schools as especially 'racist' because of their 'underrepresentation' of minority students other than Asians."

Mr. Sowell gives a concrete example of the devastating effects of gross mismatching. The average black student at MIT had math scores in the top 10 per cent of all American students. That would augur success at MIT, one would suppose? No. Because those scores took you to the *bottom* 10 per cent among the exaltedly gifted students of MIT. The result? "Almost one-fourth of the black students at MIT failed to graduate, and those who did had significantly lower grades than their classmates. Once more, failures were artificially created by preferences."

It doesn't strain the imagination to see immediately the domino effect of mismatching. Those noble souls from the top colleges who go out recruiting high-scoring black students use up more than their share of the pool. The result is chaotic disparity of achievement at the lesser colleges. And when this happens, Mr. Sowell says, students are faced with two alternatives. The first is to accept prevailing standards and confront their own failure to meet them. The second is to "retain their self-respect by continually attacking, undermining, and trying to discredit the standards that they do not meet, scavenging for grievances and issuing a never-ending stream of demands and manifestoes. Given the alternatives, it is hardly surprising that so many choose the second."

But when they do so, Mr. Sowell warns, what is advanced isn't equality. It is racial hostility of the kind that breeds racial violence.

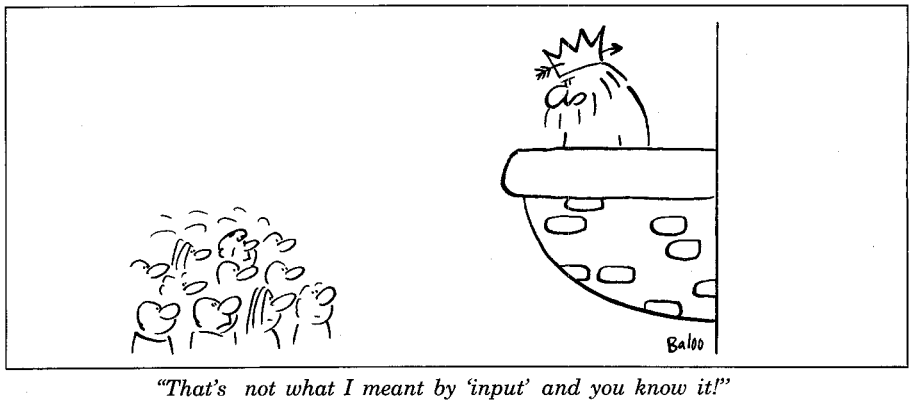
A Lost Cause Is a Lost Cause

NEW YORK, AUGUST 28

Well, what drug prevention has got us now in Colombia is civil war, and we may as well call it that, trained though we are to refer to great big wars (like Korea) as "police actions." The drug cartel has now publicly threatened to kill ten judges in Colombia for every drug trafficker extradited to the United States, and the Minister of Justice, the following day, demurely announced that, all things considered, she would just as soon have another job. As for Colombian judges, they will soon have to be recruited from Death Row.

The accumulation of evidence is unending. Mr. Richard Berke, writing a special report for the *New York Times*, describes the use by the drug peddlers of the U.S. highway system. He begins by quoting a secret cable from the narcotics intelligence center in El Paso, sent out to all hands. "Maryland State Police reported one pound cocaine seizure concealed in stuffed Teddy bear. Two Teddy bears discovered in vehicle, one heavier than the other. Velcro closure on heavier bear opened and cocaine discovered."

These are nice, heart-warming little triumphs, but oh so slight. If the mayor of Miami is to be believed, our whole anti-drug effort is interdicting something on the order of 1 per cent of the production. Mr. Berke reports flatly that law-enforcement officials "acknowledge" that theirs is a losing battle to keep the stuff from coming into U.S. territory, so that the next line of defense will be the highways. And how are we doing there?



"That's not what I meant by 'input' and you know it!"

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In 1984, 41 state police agencies reported seizures of 36,000 kilos of marijuana (about 80,000 pounds), 4,000 kilos of cocaine (about 10,000 pounds), and 10.6 kilos of heroin (about 22 pounds). "The cocaine would have a wholesale price of $45 million to $138 million, depending on purity and market conditions." If you think that is a lot, alas you are mistaken. The drug business rings in at somewhere between $150 and $200 billion per year. "We're not bragging for a minute," reports Sergeant Roy Herren of the Missouri Highway Patrol. "We know we're not touching the traffic."

"The last line of defense we have is the highway," a narcotics intelligence officer is quoted. "Once it gets past that line, the odds are probably one in a million of getting an entire load of dope off the street."

And we must not assume that, the war having come to the highways, no one any longer dares to fly. A telephone tap detected a drug trafficker offering to pay $100,000 per run to a small-plane pilot to make five runs into Texas from one hundred miles south of the border. That's half a million dollars in a couple of days, which is better than robbing banks. But the prospect yawned back over the phone that he was going to Virginia for three months and would be unavailable, but his partner "might be interested."

Where are we going with all of this? Flash. The Feds are giving up at the conventional level. "We don't think interdiction is the answer," reports a special agent from El Paso. "There are more ways to bring the drugs into the country than we have the ability or wherewithal to stop. You can't just go willy-nilly stopping people in the country. The answer is not interdiction, but combining law enforcement and reducing demand."

That's right, and the demand is sharply reduced among college students (37 per cent in five years), which is very good news but says nothing about the galloping pace of drug consumption in the cities and especially in the ghettos, or about our creepy-crawl in the direction of the chaotic conditions of Colombia: it is safer to walk the streets of Johannesburg at night than those of New York.

Bobby Kennedy made famous a line (from Shaw), which he used in almost every speech. "Some men see things as they are and ask, Why? I dream of things that never were, and ask, Why not?" Well, it is the duty of conservatives to declaim against lost causes when the ancillary results of pursuing them are tens of thousands of innocent victims and a gradual corruption of the machinery of the state. We conservatives are not against fighting for lost causes, which after all is what the clergy vow to do until death, but we insist on designating them as such. Mr. Berke ends his story by quoting the director of the Drug Abuse Research Group at UCLA, who was asked what could be done about the interstate travel of drugs. "We need a urine test for cars. That's what we need." Pending which we need, on the eve of the release of drug czar William Bennett's paper, to rethink his conclusions.

The Chinese Ambassador Defends His Government

NEW YORK, AUGUST 21

When a reception was given in Washington for departing Chinese Ambassador Han Xu, only two American figures of note attended, Alexander Haig and Henry Kissinger. The official U.S. community froze, pursuant to our general policy toward China since the events of June 4: continue to maintain relations and, pending contrary directions by Congress, to encourage economic exchange, but be surly about the whole thing, just to make it clear how we feel about June 4.

Ambassador Han has given a speech (to the Forum club of the Palm Beaches), and before reading it one closes one's eyes and repeats the chestnut that diplomats are people who are sent abroad to lie for their country. Granted that, Mr. Han had interesting things to say.

It is important to separate two questions. The first is whether the government of China could continue to tolerate the student-led demonstration. The second, whether the means by which the government finally moved are excusable.

The Chinese government is acutely aware of the indefensibility of the action of its army, with its tanks roaming about Tiananmen Square shooting more or less at random, with the result that somewhere between seven hundred and one thousand people were slaughtered. The reaction of the government is typically totalitarian. Rather than cope with the problem of excusing the inexcusable, the government simply denies that it happened, insisting that all the shooting that was done by the army had been done in self-defense. This blatant lie, uttered in the teeth of widespread live coverage of the event, has earned the contempt it deserves.

The first question—did the government have the right to act?—has to be answered affirmatively. Of course it had the right to act. A "right" of a government is not always exercised correctly, but it remains a "right"—even as, for instance, the government of Mossadegh in Iran had the "right" to nationalize the oil industry in 1951, and the government of the United States had the "right"—pursuant to its understanding of its larger concerns for self-defense—to interfere in the affairs of Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, and Grenada during the past generation.

Ambassador Han touches ever so lightly on his government's supreme vulnerability. And note the wording he uses: "My government has stated that a mob led by a small number of people prevented the normal conduct of the affairs of state." That sentence is one-half true. The deceptive one-half is that the movement in question was a popular movement, not the act of a small number of manipulators. And he goes on, "There was, I regret to say, loss of life on both sides." That is as far as he goes, i.e., nowhere at all in acknowledging his government's obvious guilt. And a final tantalizer: "I wonder whether any other government confronting such an unprecedented challenge would have handled the situation any better than mine did." The quick answer to that is: Yes. Any civilized government would have used water hoses or even cattle prods. And there is the ancillary observation that if the challenge was indeed "unprecedented," perhaps so were the incitements by a repressive regime.

But Mr. Han is unmistakably correct on what is really the main point, which is that a government, on the modern understanding, has the right to defend its power to rule. We are aware that governments misappropriate rights, even as the government of George III can be said not to have had a "right" to deny the rights solicited by the Founding Fathers. But by most understandings, King George had the same right to shoot at George Washington as the government of Deng had to clear the students out of Tiananmen Square. Mr. Han went on to cite the enormous economic progress made by China during the past ten years—"Its gross national product and per-capita income literally doubled in a decade"—which is testimony to the extraordinary economic progress one can make provided one draws away from the Communist doctrines which, alas, Mr. Han's leader, Deng Xiaoping, continues to affirm.

But on the principal point he is right; and the United States has nothing to gain from getting in the way of further economic progress in China—which will be seen as the reaffirmation of the bankruptcy of Communism. Deng has decreed that all white-collar Chinese must have a year of indoctrination in the field, shades of Mao: but this becomes increasingly laughable in a world in which people who have spent not one year but one, or two, or more generations attempting to serve Communism are laying down their arms, mouthing only empty devotional obeisances to the corpse of Marxism–Leninism.

(UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE)

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OFF THE RECORD

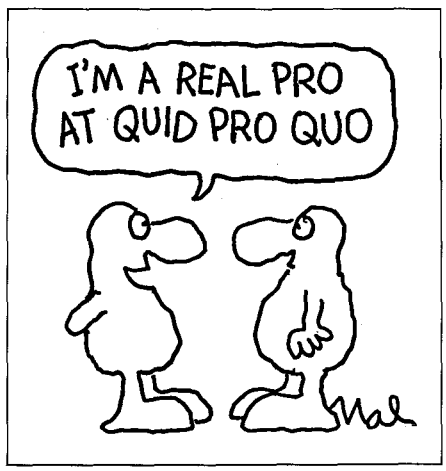
■ Whom the gods would destroy they first give a high Gallup rating. This is the message that close friends should be whispering to President Bush as he basks in the glow of his 70 per cent public-approval rating, a good ten points higher than Ronald Reagan's rating at the same point in his Administration. From that lofty pinnacle it might appear that being all things to all Americans is working: the President is said, for example, to cite polls at Cabinet meetings in order to silence opposition and make points.

All this is eerily reminiscent of one James Earl Carter of Plains, Georgia. Mr. Carter entered Washington as the reform-minded outsider, with the air of a man bent on chasing the moneychangers from the Temple. Cato has gone back and checked some of the figures, and has found that after the same period of time in office Mr. Carter enjoyed a 66 per cent approval rating: just short of Mr. Bush's but a full six points higher than Mr. Reagan's. He left Washington lower down on the approval scale than Richard Nixon ever was. By contrast Mr. Reagan took his lumps early on, and after dropping low during the recession built his popularity back on the basis of his principled confrontations. Even ending his eight years in office with Iran–Contra didn't hurt him.

The message for Mr. Bush is that it's not where you start in the polls but where you end up. Those who follow the polls instead of leading them always end up on the bottom.

■ A good place for the President to start putting his high ratings to work would be in the upcoming confirmation fight over Clarence Thomas, who is expected to be named to take Judge Bork's place on the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals here in Washington, the most important appeals court in the nation.

The Left is gearing up to make Mr. Thomas another Bill Lucas, whose nomination as head of the Justice Department's civil-rights division was shot down this summer. For the fight over Mr. Thomas is not really about a place now on the appeals court (important though it is) but about a place later on the Supreme Court. There is, alas, no sign from the White House that it's going to give Mr. Thomas any more support than it gave Mr. Lucas, but there are still two good reasons for hope. First, the Landmark Legal Foundation Center



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for Civil Rights has launched a preemptive first strike by issuing a 13-page analysis of Mr. Thomas's record, showing him to be qualified beyond the shadow of even a Kennedy doubt. Equally important, Mr. Thomas is temperamentally more Ollie North than Bill Lucas; he is not likely to go down quietly. Senator Biden, you are forewarned.

■ Two issues back, our congressional reporter, Susan Mandel, wrote of the failure of unions to inform their members about the *Beck* decision, wherein the Supreme Court held that no American need join a union as a condition of employment (though non-joiners might still have to pay dues). The unions are understandably reluctant to publicize a case that might have members looking for the exits and lining up at the cashier's window for refunds, and so American workers remain largely unaware of their full work rights—including the right to demand back the percentage of their dues money that has gone into political campaigns.

The National Right to Work Committee, suspecting that the Federal Government's National Labor Relations Board might have something to do with the low level of accurate information being given out, ran its own sting operation. It hired the firm Associated Investigators to pose as new hires and call the regional offices of the NLRB asking whether they could be forced to join a union. They found that in non-right-to-work states, about half the offices gave out the wrong information. Here is one recorded conversation, with a Mr. Lewis from the NLRB's New York City office:

CALLER: "Hello. I started a job about two weeks ago and today I got called into the personnel office . . . and I was told that I had to join the union, pay an initiation fee, and pay monthly dues. Is that legal?"

MR. LEWIS: "Some states have right-to-work laws but New York is not one of them. Yes, if the union has a security clause in their contract, they can require that all employees become members of the union."

CALLER: "Does that mean I've got to pay the initiation fee and dues?"

MR. LEWIS: "You have to pay all fees, together with monthly and periodic dues."

For those readers who have themselves relied on the NLRB for information and are therefore still in the dark, the correct answer is that it is illegal to require dues in excess of collective-bargaining costs.

■ And finally, in marked contrast to the acrimony at Auschwitz between the Carmelite nuns and a New York rabbi, there was welcome progress on the ecumenical front right here in Washington with the Reverend Jesse L. Jackson's acceptance of services donated by the Moonie-owned public-relations and advertising agency Global Image. The services were for Start Smart, a program launched by the Reverend Jackson this week to get parents to register their children for school personally. The Rainbow Coalition grows. —CATO

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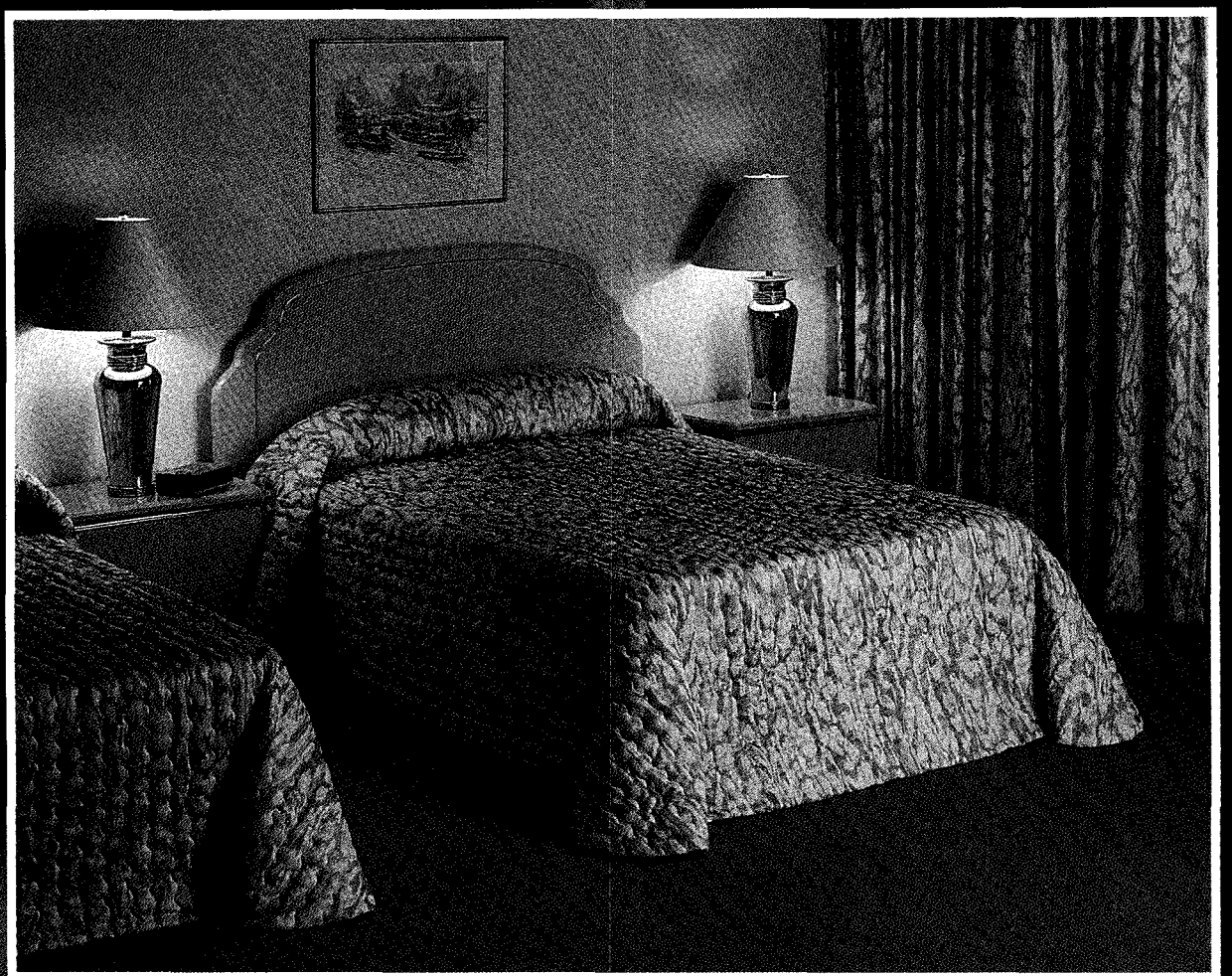

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